

A mother of five tells
What happened
when we
threw out
our TV set

Blair Fraser in Moscow—a special report

Inside Hollywood with the Canadian who was its "King"


MACLEAN'S

MARCH 30 1957 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS



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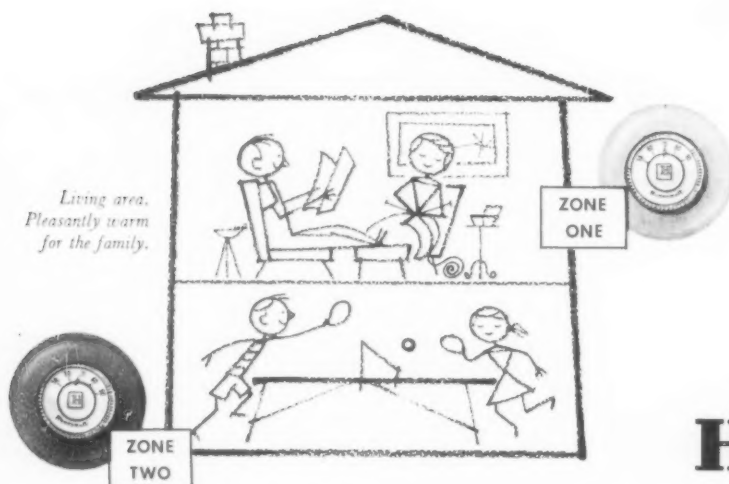
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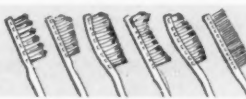
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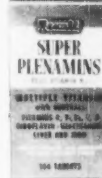
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MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

MARCH 30, 1957

VOLUME 70

NUMBER 7

Editorial

Social Credit too owes us sanity

The English language owes many expressions to the picturesque, sad and sometimes funny world of politics in the southern United States.

One of the most evocative of these is *wool hat*. A frequent simile is *red neck*. Sometimes the word is *cracker*.

They are all employed to identify a special kind of voter and a special kind of political candidate. One who is decently ignorant and decently proud of being so. Who is secure in a special and unchallengeable vision of God; who is certain that anyone who has a different vision is gravely in error or bound for Hell, and probably both. Who is suspicious of book learning, terrified of communism and full of benevolent but guarded thoughts about how to keep inferior races in their place for their own good. Who snaps his scarlet gulluses, twangs his pearl-inlaid guitar and proclaims the eternal truth that airy thoughts and fine ideals can never be a substitute for plenty of co'n bread an' chitlin's.

By and large, Canadian politics has been happily and remarkably free of the influence of the *wool hat*. Like all people, we let prejudice and pomposity play too large a part in our national attitudes and actions. But to some considerable degree, at least, we do chart our political courses according to what we conceive to be the political issues. Religion, race and bigotry do, lamentably, get mixed up in our elections, but they are seldom the chief or only issues.

It is precisely because of this that many people of no fixed political leaning—and this includes Maclean's—have been dismayed by some recent utterances in parliament by members of the Social Credit party. Social Credit governs two of Canada's most dynamic provinces. In federal politics its modest strength is growing, and may well grow greater before it grows less. Those who try to dismiss it as the eccentric relic of William Aberhart and the funny money of the 1930s have lost touch with reality.

For Social Credit has become a major political force in Canada. With that status it has incurred the obligation to behave with sobriety and responsibility.

Of its willingness to do this the party itself has raised some doubts. In the recent Ottawa debates over the Canada Council, Social Credit members expressed a number of extremely valid objections and issued some necessary warnings.

But a number of the claims, observations and caveats entered by Social Credit bespoke neither a sense of responsibility nor a respect

for reason; bespoke very little, indeed, but a willingness to rely as a method of persuasion on ostentatious piety, unalloyed materialism, superstition, suspicion, isolationism and fear.

One Social Credit member boasted proudly that he did not understand art and was "not very well steeped in culture." Then, having established his credentials, he delivered a long lecture on art and culture, serene in the conviction that his ignorance made him an oracle.

Another Social Credit member, trying to make the Canada Council appear synonymous with UNESCO, saw in the whole enterprise a plot to "undermine" religion and "establish in the mind of the growing child that God did not create this world." He inveighed, without one shred of evidence that had any relevance, against subversion, perversion and communism. Various Social Credit members spoke in glowing terms of attacks on UNESCO by the American Legion, the American Mercury, vigilante committees in California and Texas, and of Senator Pat McCarran, reverently described as being "famous all over the world for his investigations."

"Why," one of the more emotional Social Crediters asked, "do they want to destroy faith in God?" He answered: "Because the one thing that binds all Christians together is belief in the Bible, and if belief in the Bible can be destroyed, then once more the solidarity of religion will be destroyed."

And so on. The notion that it is sometimes as well to nourish the mind as to nourish the body was held by some Social Crediters to be not merely mistaken but wicked and sinister. For speaking in favor of "spiritual development and intellectual world brotherhood" Prime Minister St. Laurent was attacked with as much asperity as though he had proposed to spend public funds for the support of the man-eating shark. The leader of the Social Credit party spoke feelingly of the healthy cultural state of the American Negro and the Canadian Eskimo. No one ever thought of subsidizing either, and just think of the lovely songs of Stephen Foster!

Above everything else the political life of this country needs vigorous, intelligent opposition to governments which almost everywhere are growing too strong for anyone's good, including their own.

But we do not need the psychology or the demagoguery of the *wool hat*, the *red neck*, and the *cracker*. The Social Credit party can do itself and the country a great service by giving this point some serious study.

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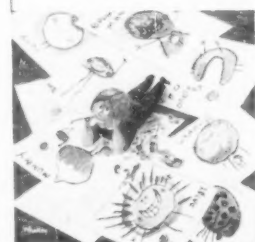
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The cover

Peter Whalley gets pretty uninhibited sometimes in his cartoons. "But you ought to see the things my kids draw," he says, and presents this cover as evidence. Whalley has three daughters: Martha, 6, Elizabeth, 4, and Jennifer, 2.



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M-37

FOR THE SAKE OF Argument

ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN SAYS

Canadians are the worst loudmouths

When I was a boy, I called all Americans Yankees and regarded them pretty much as the Enemy. An American was a Smart Aleck and a braggart and thought he was better than everyone else. A lot of this was due, I think, to an American friend of my grandmother's who used to come to Toronto from Toledo every Exhibition time and say, "Some day, we'll come over here and take this country before breakfast," to which my grandmother would snap: "You'll have a late breakfast!" She'd go around the rest of the day snorting, "Damned American loudmouth!"

Canadians, on the other hand, were modest and too backward for their own good. They had a natural feeling of inferiority and needed a bit of national spirit. Somewhere in the past twenty years they got it.

When I was in Toronto last summer I went into Union Station to make a phone call and saw a tall, fashionably dressed woman slumped in one of the booths looking pretty sick. She asked with a moan if I'd please help her to a taxi. I got her draped over my shoulder and started for a cab, when she got a look in her eye as if she'd suddenly gone to heaven and waved at the incoming passengers, and I realized that she was plastered. But you can't just drop a tall woman on a station floor, even in your home town. I kept going.

Fighting to the last

She swung a smile in my general direction and asked, "Where do you come from?"

"From Toronto," I told her. I concentrated on my footwork. "But I live in Florida."

Her eyes came into quick focus. "What've those bastards got that we haven't got?" she said, ready to fight for Canada to the last breath before she collapsed in my arms.

Next day I drove downtown with a friend and a neighbor of his. All the way the neighbor kept looking around at the new buildings and saying gruffly, "Let's face it! Toronto is a metropolis." He'd glare at me. "A metropolis!" he'd snap.

I never said it wasn't. In fact, I knew it was. We were already snarled in traffic and I didn't recognize anything on Yonge Street, including the Canadian, who reminded me a bit of my grandmother's friend from Toledo.

I had to get an adjustment on a tire for my car that I'd bought in Daytona. The foreman said that he'd have to give me a Canadian tire. I



R. T. Allen, noted Canadian humorist and free-lance writer, divides his work year between U.S. and Canada.

asked him if it would be as good as the one I had on the car, not meaning that Canadian tires weren't as good as American tires, but wanting to know if it would be from a comparable-quality line.

"As good!" he said. He looked around with an incredulous grin at a couple of his men, who gave me a dead-pan, pitying look. "It'll be a damned sight better. You guys don't know how to make tires."

He started hammering the tire on the rim, saying between whacks, "You — guys — don't — know — how — to — make — anything!"

I told him he was complaining to the wrong man, that I was a Canadian. He gave my car a sulky look. "Then what are you doing with that American license?" He looked a bit peeved because I'd let him waste a chance to tell an American off.

Canadians are becoming as good at this sort of thing as Americans ever were. They call it by different names—national pride, coming of age, the new Canadian spirit—but no matter how it's sliced it's the same old bologna that we always condemned in Americans, except that instead of being a homemade summer sausage, it's a nationally advertised brand. The old-line American was a noisome individual who sliced it thick and fast while squeezing a whoopee ball, and sober Americans were always apologizing for him. The new Canadian slices it with a look of fierce pride and does it with nation-wide approval. Sober, thoughtful Canadians say, "It's so silly. Why would anyone brag about a country that has everything anyway?" This is just sneaking a slice while looking the other way.

The Canadians are even button-holing their **continued on page 45**



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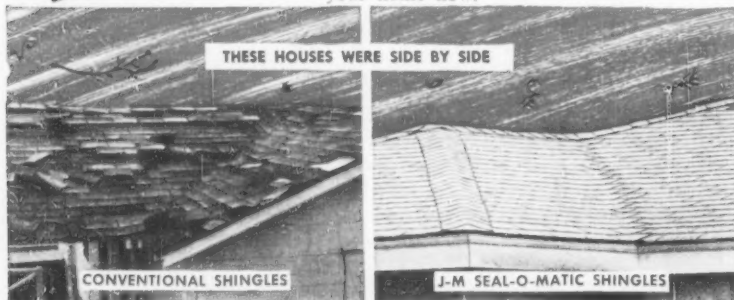
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London Letter

BY BEVERLEY BAXTER

What Macmillan will tell Ike

It was a great gathering that met for dinner in the ballroom of London's Dorchester Hotel. More or less everyone who is anyone was there, bedecked with medals, decorations and, in the case of the women, diamond necklaces that sparkled like sunlight on ice.

The banquet had been arranged by the London branch of the English-Speaking Union to honor U.S. General Lauris Norstad, who has come overseas to take command of the NATO forces in Europe.

Lord Attlee, who had to cancel a lecture last winter at Massey Hall in Toronto, because he couldn't draw a large enough audience, was in the chair, and Prime Minister Macmillan was the principal British guest. But, of course, it was the American who was the draw.

How Gen. Norstad ever escaped the films is a mystery. He is tall, slim, broad-shouldered, long-legged, handsome and fairly radiates integrity. Like nearly all male Americans he is a baritone and has a range of only three or four notes. But everything about him gives forth the quality of absolute integrity.

Prime Minister Macmillan looked like a bloodhound that might smile if the occasion demanded it. As a Scot he is extraordinarily English in appearance.

Politeness and compliments were the order of the occasion, yet there was a subtle disparity

between the speeches that suggested there might come a clash between the American and British points of view.

The theme of Norstad's speech was that the nations that comprise NATO must spare nothing to ensure that the unnamed enemy of the Western alliance should be held at bay. There was no mention of Russia. What we are dealing with is the potential enemy. However, no one had any doubt about the identity of the potential enemy.

Gen. Norstad is as sincere and as dedicated as Billy Graham trying to save the souls of sinners. He is a soldier who believes that Right must be armed to the teeth. But Macmillan is not a soldier although he was a very brave one in the 1914 war. He is a prime minister who has to direct the economy of an island nation of fifty million people with no raw materials except a dwindling supply of coal and a certain amount of agriculture. And what is more, Britain is a nation carrying the colossal internal debt of two world wars, which it fought from the beginning to the end.

The prime minister was too experienced and much too subtle to make the mistake of disagreeing openly with the handsome general. In carefully chosen words he seemed in his speech to be giving complete support to Norstad's "full-out" policy of armaments on land and

continued on page 64

What Macmillan told NATO's new commander



Britain's Macmillan

"NATO is not merely a military alliance; it is a symbol of co-operation over the whole field of human endeavor . . . it is the shield which protects Europe and all that Europe means. Our service to our allies depends as much on the strength and resilience of our economy as upon anything else. Insurance is a fine thing but over-insurance can be debilitating. It is a matter of finding the right balance . . . What the balance should be is a matter for statesmen, responsible to the people."



NATO's Norstad



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Wawanesa...

than to wish you had

IF wishes were horses—beggars might ride,” an old proverb but still true. Wishing may be fun at a wishing well . . . but wishes are not of much use at the scene of a car accident. For your sake—the sake of your family and for others on the highway . . . see your WAWANESA MUTUAL agent. WAWANESA has an automobile insurance coverage policy for all needs.

Canadians from coast to coast know they get the best protection that money can buy from Wawanesa. For 60 years this mutual company, owned by its policyholders, has offered service, efficiency and speed in adjustments. Today Wawanesa, an all-Canadian Company, protects the property of more Canadians than any other Company!

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These three most important driving benefits are yours when you drive with Quaker State.

First, you get maximum protection against harmful deposits that cut down on engine life. Second, you get all the performance your car was designed to give. Third, you get mile after mile of trouble-free driving between oil changes.

Rich, tough Quaker State assures you of these three most important benefits. Get the performance your car was designed to deliver with that famous Pennsylvania motor oil, Quaker State.

In every state it's Quaker State for quality! Always ask for it by name.



QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING COMPANY OF CANADA LIMITED, TORONTO



Backstage in the Soviet Union

WITH BLAIR FRASER



Cartoon by Grossick

For those taking the plunge on Russia's invitation it's a one-way trip.

The Canadians whose home is Russia

MOSCOW

Among the sorriest people in the Soviet Union, a country that has no great shortage of sorry people, are some of the repatriates who have come here from Canada during the last few years. Most if not all are of Russian birth or parentage, new or second-generation Canadians. Many now wish that they had remained Canadians, but too late—they can't get out again now.

In a quiet, subtle way the USSR has been encouraging these people to come back. Men who left wives here, for example, and who write for permission to bring their wives out, receive instead the suggestion that they rejoin their families here. In other cases parents have written to sons or daughters, brothers to brothers, urging them to "come home" to the Soviet Union.

Canada has no record of how many have responded to these appeals. Unlike the Soviet Union, Canada puts no restriction on citizens who want to go abroad. As far as Canada is concerned, all they need to do is buy a ticket—their passports, visas, etc., are for the scrutiny of border police in other countries.

Canadian travelers to Iron Curtain countries are "required" to

register with the nearest Canadian or British consular officer when they arrive, but the regulation is not enforced. It's for the traveler's own protection, and if he doesn't observe it he has only himself to blame. Few if any of the repatriates did observe it when they arrived.

Indeed, most of them were no longer Canadian citizens when they left home. The Russians prefer to make the change of citizenship in Ottawa, where the Soviet embassy will issue a Soviet passport and, of course, confiscate the repatriate's Canadian passport if he has one. This greatly simplifies the problem of keeping him here once he arrives and sees what the Soviet Union is like.

However, it is not a serious problem anyway. Some repatriates, thinking themselves canner than their fellows, hung on to their Canadian passports and refused to accept Soviet citizenship until they could come and see how they liked it here. They can't get out either. To leave the Soviet Union everyone, of any nationality, must have an exit visa. These people cannot get one.

Their Canadian passports are no help. They now have plenty of time to **continued on page 56**



You'll think they paved
the roads with velvet!

Plymouth's revolutionary Torsion-Aire Ride takes the bounce out of bumps, the tilt out of turns

You know you've discovered a new kind of thrill the moment you step into a big, beautiful *Thrill-Power* Plymouth. And the second your toe triggers its responsive *Thrill-Power Go*, an exciting "I want it" urge takes hold of you.

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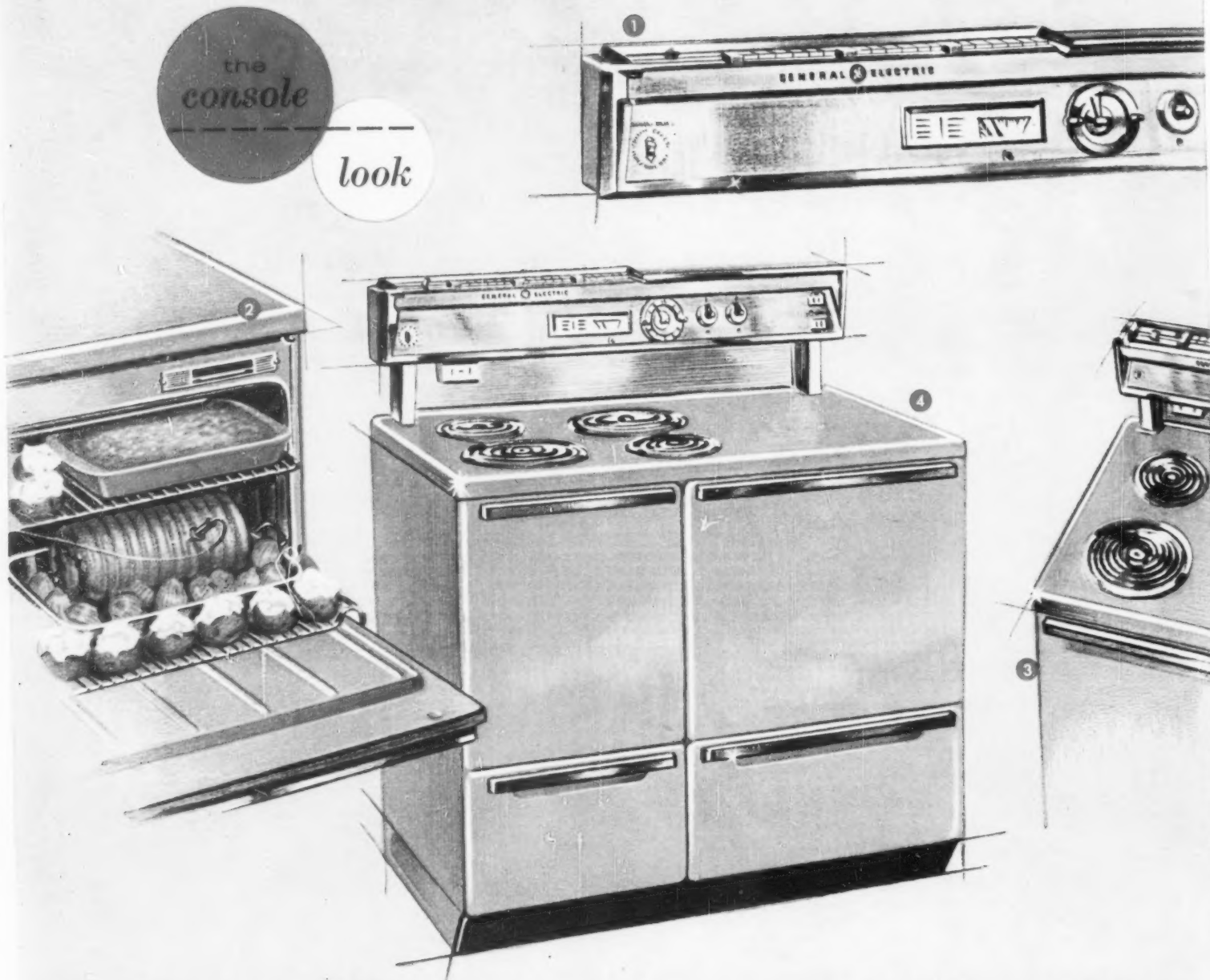
Plymouth is the lowest priced car with ...

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the
console

look



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- ④ **New design and colours**—G-E Stratoliner introduces the console look—a dramatic new concept in straight-line design that will be modern for years to come. G-E Mix-or-Match colours offer new decorating scope for your kitchen.

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CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY LIMITED

. . BLAIR FRASER . . .

REPORTS FROM MOSCOW . . .



RUSSIAN PEOPLE in Moscow's subway were photographed by Blair Fraser during his stay in Soviet capital. He found them "astoundingly friendly."

A great Canadian reporter tells **UNCENSORED*** what he saw

*** How Fraser's story
eluded the Soviet's censors**

Since he began reporting from behind the Iron Curtain a few weeks ago Fraser has been sending us copy by air, cable and by hand with friends or co-workers—often all three routes. This article arrived from Moscow by air freight via Stockholm. It reached Maclean's untouched by the Soviet censors.

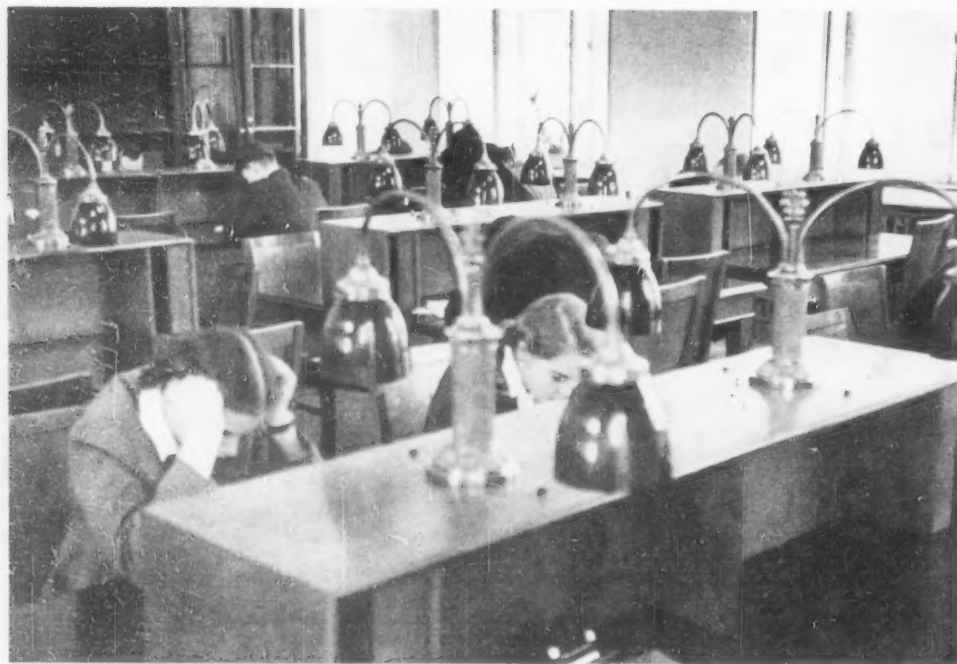
- ▶ At a cocktail party with Bulganin and Khrushchev
- ▶ Watching trucks spew from a 40,000-worker factory
- ▶ Visiting a 33-story university for 16,000 students and a one-room home for a family of five
- ▶ Looking at women workers laboring under back-breaking hods of cement

The most revealing incident of my three weeks in the Soviet Union was the "exposure" of four self-confessed agents of the United States, a dramatic performance at the Central Journalists Club here.

It was announced as a press conference, but when we got there we found it was a live, three-hour television show in which foreign correspondents were an unpaid supporting cast. The four principals were all Russians taken prisoner by the Germans during the war who had decided not to come home. They were not very prepossessing men; one admitted he had actually joined the German army to fight against his own country. All said they were recruited in 1952 by other Russian expatriates, trained at a special school in West Germany and sent back to their native land as American spies.

Whether they really were U.S. agents I have no idea. They didn't sound very plausible as they spoke their lines, but turncoats seldom do.

Continued over page ►

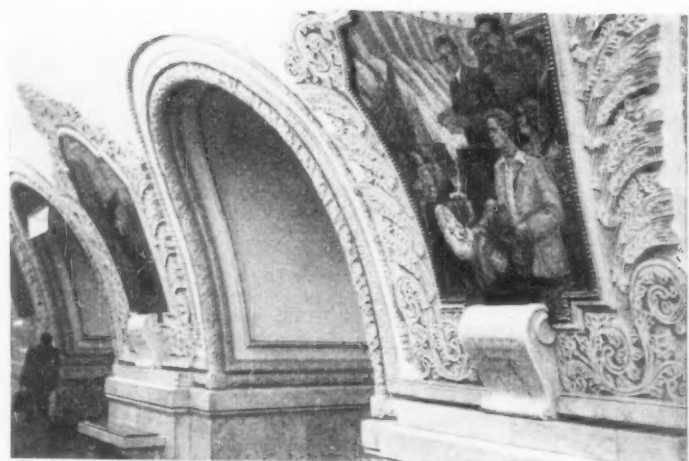


STUDENTS in the new Moscow University, "a fine, bright, well-appointed building (33 stories festooned with steeples and gingerbread)," where sixteen thousand take courses in the sciences.



WORKERS in industry and in Moscow's streets are often women like these: "grubby and sexless as a colony of worker ants."

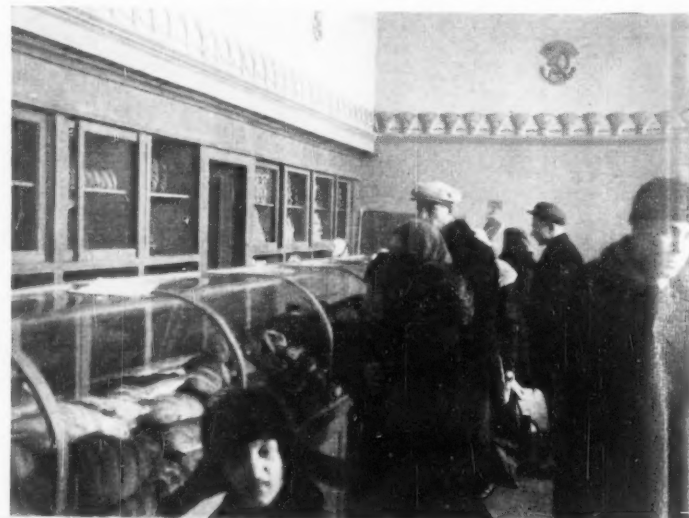
Blair Fraser's own photographs, flown direct from Stockholm, give rare glimpses of everyday Russian life in Moscow



SUBWAY in Moscow is a showcase of art and architecture. But such an extravagant show is at the expense of human welfare, says Fraser.

◀ **SLUMS** are everywhere in Moscow, says Fraser. "I haven't heard any complaints about food or clothing, but Soviet housing is a disgrace."

SHOPS have lots of food, but bad service causes queues. "Clothing is expensive and shoddy to look at, but nobody in Moscow is in rags."



However, the interesting points in their testimony were not the ones the Soviet government wanted to stress.

One was the date of their capture. This was omitted from the press reports next day, but all four told the television audience they gave themselves up to Soviet authorities by January 1954. They had been living quietly for more than three years without a word said about their treason—one, in fact, said he had pretended to go on working for American intelligence until that very moment, sending false information provided by security agents here.

Why were they being exposed now, after this long silence?

There was a clue in the instructions they said they had from U. S. intelligence forces. Among their duties:

To fabricate slanderous and provocative letters to Soviet newspapers, about the life, work, connections and behavior of prominent Party and government officials.

To disseminate within the country, particularly among the youth and the intelligentsia, provocative rumors slandering the Soviet way of life and the social system.

To pick out morally unstable persons expressing discontent with the Soviet system, recruit them and organize them into underground groups.

K. I. Khmel'nitsky, the one who said he was still working as a counter-espionage agent, added this:

"During the Hungarian events in October I was instructed to be ready to move to the Bryansk woods, with the people I was supposed to have recruited, in order to begin intensive subversive activities on a signal from the American intelligence service."

This television show is not the only evidence that Communist leaders are now dismayed and alarmed by the criticism which, in the first days of "the thaw" that followed Khrushchev's denunciation of Stalin last year, they allowed and even encouraged. Neither is it the only evidence that the events in Hungary and Poland, even in the cautiously edited versions published in this country, have caused a profound shock among the Soviet people.

Shortly before Christmas, a professor at Moscow University went to address a student discussion group. It is customary at these meetings for the students to write out their questions to the speaker, who then picks out the ones he wants to answer.

On this occasion the professor shuffled through a stack of questions with mounting indignation:

"Poland . . . Hungary . . . Poland . . . Hungary . . . I am not going to deal with these questions. I shall talk instead about the cult of personality."

According to one of the few non-official Russians I have been able to meet, even the official version of the Hungarian revolt has caused some unintended reactions among Soviet citizens. One, which he had found especially among women, was: "They say our soldiers are going to protect the Hungarians from the Fascists. Why should we send our sons to be killed for the Hungarians? What have they done for us?"

Another, slightly more sophisticated variant of the same feeling: "Why are we in the Soviet

Union handing out aid to everybody in India and Egypt and so on? Look at Hungary. Look at all we've done for Hungary, and still they back up a Fascist revolt the first chance they get."

But long before the rebellion in Hungary and the near-rebellion in Poland, there were already signs of lively discontent in the Soviet Union. About a year ago, a Soviet literary magazine published in serial form a novel called *Not By Bread Alone*, by V. Dudintsev. It is the story of an inventor who, working on his own, perfects a new industrial tool, a vast improvement on the old. He is frustrated, systematically and implacably, by a bureaucrat named Drozdov.

The name Drozdov has already become a common noun in the Russian language, as Babbitt and Pecksniff and Shylock have in the English. He is the arch-type and symbol of the ever-present Communist bureaucracy which, it now appears, is just as unpopular in the Soviet Union as a Westerner would expect it to be in the West.

Dudintsev's novel created a tremendous sensation which has not yet died down. Ever since I have been here, and for at least three months before, it has been under a steady barrage of criticism in the official press. "Discussions" of it appear in the literary papers every week, letters from readers which all, by an odd coincidence, damn the book as pessimistic, defeatist and not truly representative of Soviet life or "Socialist realism."

The unpublished reaction to *Not By Bread Alone* has been quite different. Students have held meetings about it in Moscow and in Leningrad and no doubt in other cities too, and the meetings have been tumultuous.

One such meeting was attended by the author Dudintsev himself, who seemed almost alarmed at the tornado of approval and agreement his novel had brought forth. (He has reason to be alarmed. The story was to have been put into book form, but it has not yet been published and the three magazine issues that carried it have become collector's items here.)

No sooner had the speaker finished than the students took control of the meeting. Their "questions" were really speeches, far more fiery and daring than anything Dudintsev had said. His novel was merely a text for their own denunciations of bureaucracy, their own scorn for tame-cat apologists and party clichés, their own demands for an experiment in real democracy—"popular control from below."

It is not difficult to get eye-witness accounts of these meetings—or at least it was not, until lately. Moscow University alone has hundreds of foreign students. Not all are from satellite countries, and even among the so-called satellites the Poles, for one large group, are healthily outspoken. Recently, I understand, steps have been taken to exclude foreigners from some of the livelier aspects of student life, but they don't seem to have been very effective.

How widespread these attitudes are among the Soviet population, how deeply they have penetrated the mass of the people, is another question that no transient and few resident foreigners are competent to judge. The visitor gets no more than the barest glimpse of the life of this country, and he has to strain for that. In some ways the Soviet Union seems even more mysterious after a brief visit than before. At

breakfast the other day, in a dining room that looks out on the Kremlin wall and up a short block to Red Square, a British reporter joined me who has been here many times and speaks Russian quite well.

"Whenever I reach the point of thinking I know something about this country," he said gloomily, "I run into some little incident that shows I know nothing at all."

The evening before, at a theatre, he had got into conversation with a Russian girl who stood beside him in the checkroom queue.

"Why are you coming to this play?" she asked. "It's the worst in town. You're a foreigner, you can get seats to anything, and there are two plays running that are really good."

"At least, I haven't seen them myself," she went on, "but all the newspapers have attacked them. That always means a play is good."

Aha! thought my friend; here is one of the



RULERS are members of the Supreme Soviet, here in session. "Guards repel unauthorized callers."

people we've been reading about, the cynical, skeptical, disillusioned youth. As they talked on he became more and more sure of it. She told him of the poor quarters she had, the hard work she did, and how she was studying at night to be something better than her father, a postman. Quite casually she mentioned that her parents were married in 1937 and that she was born six months later—"so you see," she said tranquilly, "I was just an accident."

But then, by some turn in the talk, the name of Joseph Stalin came up. For the first time the girl showed indignation.

"I don't care what they say," she said. "I've had a picture of Stalin hanging over my bed ever since I can remember. No matter what they write about him now, I still think he was a good man."

My British colleague sighed: "What am I to make of that?"

The visitor who speaks no Russian is protected from this sort of conundrum by the warm, cozy blanket of his ignorance. Intourist, the Soviet government travel agency, does what it can to preserve this insulation by taking care that the traveler shall have as little contact as possible with the Russian people.

He isn't necessarily cut off from the higher officials, or even the **continued on page 66**



"YOU SHOULD BE ASHAMED," Farrar scolds carelessly groomed women and often won't sell them a thing.

She sells glamour with a growl

Lillian Farrar

can insult her richest patrons,

scorn Paris,

insist men have better taste

than women

and tell customers they're wrong.

But they just

keep coming back for more

BY DOROTHY SANGSTER

PHOTOS BY BASIL ZAROV



"WOMEN ARE SHEEP": She hates slavish fashion, admires simple lines.



"THEY'D DRESS LIKE FLAGS" to be stylish, she says, and ignores latest trends. Her own designs sell readily at fat prices.

Fashion expert
Farrar pokes fun
at fashion with
these circus styles
from her
own notebook



"Evening coat with box seat"
Made of braided velveteen with black broadcloth.
Price: \$1,200. "I'll bet somebody'd wear it."



"Simple cocktail dress" . . .
Champagne chiffon with champagne
ostrich stole. Price: \$850.
"Good for one season."



"Winter suit" . . . Plain wool with mink
hat, muff and long gloves. Suit: \$650. Mink: \$2,000.
"I'll bet somebody'd find a man to buy it."

Canadian couturiers, according to those who patronize them, are a tormented breed. Half dressmaker, half artist, and one hundred percent prima donna, most of them struggle in a schizophrenic environment that would pique the curiosity of any psychiatrist. Separated from other couturiers by the natural jealousy of merchants competing for a limited market, they share a devotion to European *haute couture* so slavish that they wouldn't hesitate to encase their clients in ultra-violet pillowslips if Paris decreed it to be the fashion. Behind their glamorous façade, they're apt to be as poor as church mice, enervated by a lifelong struggle to uphold art for art's sake in the face of the mighty dollar.

A sympathetic customer mourned for the whole species when she said, "Poor dears, most of them are so hard up they'd let you step on their neck if it meant a sale."

A couturier on whose neck nobody steps is Lillian Farrar, a vigorous, red-headed woman in her late forties whose unique blend of talent and independence have made her one of the richest dressmakers in Montreal.

Ten years ago Farrar was a struggling seamstress with three hundred dollars between her and starvation. Today she lives in a two-hundred-a-month apartment, owns her own seventy-thousand-dollar salon on fashionable Peel Street just north of the Sheraton-Mount Royal Hotel, and counts almost four hundred women in her clientele. All of them are apparently happy to pay from \$135 to \$400 for a Farrar creation, and any one of them would just as soon go lion hunting without a gun as attempt to step on this couturier's neck. Because Farrar—her father called her "Irish," and not for nothing—is practiced at doing her own stepping.

"I won't put up with insults just because somebody's got money," she snaps. "I'd rather lose a customer."

Farrar isn't kidding. She has lost customers. People who try to get something for nothing are her special hate.

Once a wealthy woman from Westmount dropped in for a fitting of an expensive black-velvet evening gown. To show her the kind of ornament that would set off the dress to advantage, Farrar reached into a drawer where she keeps odds and ends of costume jewelry, held up a two-dollar brooch, and suggested that something of that sort would look nice on the shoulder. When it came time to pay, the customer remarked casually that she expected the brooch to be thrown in free. Farrar was so outraged she refused to sell her the dress.

Although she's frequently brusque herself, rudeness in others makes her see red. When another customer, hearing that prices had soared since her last visit, flicked her eye over the newly decorated salon and observed acidly, "I suppose I'm paying for the carpet?" Farrar coldly informed her, "You're paying for the dress and it's the last one I'm selling you."

She has an extraordinary memory for those who have ever displeased her. Five years ago a customer accused her of using faulty material in a cotton dress that had frayed under the arms after two years of wearing. A few months ago the same woman wanted by-gones to be by-gones and turned up again at Farrar's salon. Farrar met her at the front door and ordered her off the premises.

Incidents like these seem to boost Farrar's stock. Customers flock to her from Quebec, Ontario, the Maritimes and south of the border. Last summer, determined to take things easier, she let seven of her fifteen seamstresses go and raised her prices sharply. The result was more business than ever.

A Boston woman flies to Montreal regularly for her fittings; a Californian who discovered Farrar on a trip north two years ago now refuses to buy her clothes from anyone else; a Montreal matron demonstrated undying loyalty by requesting in her will that she be buried in her favorite red-velvet Farrar gown. A Montreal newspaperwoman clothed by Farrar was re-

cently stopped on Fifth Avenue by an elegant New Yorker who pleaded for the name of her couturier. Well-known Quebec actresses like Denise Pelletier, Huguette Oligny and Marjolaine Hebert, who might be expected to look to Paris for clothes, don't do this. Instead they holiday in Paris in all-Canadian wardrobes by Farrar.

Farrar, who thinks of herself as a combination of engineer and psychologist, says, "I know what to do with material and I know how to bring out a woman's hidden personality. Women have faith in me." It's a good thing, too, she implies, considering the way they dress when left to themselves.

"Take off those awful rhinestones!" she snapped at one customer who turned up for a morning appointment decked in jewelry.

"White gloves before noon? You should be ashamed!" she rebuked another.

Once, when a customer turned up for her fitting in a handana and bobby pins, Farrar stalked out of the room and refused to serve her.

She's baffled by the tendency of some women to wear as many colors as possible at the same time. She says, "There ought to be a full-length mirror in every woman's bedroom to tell her that she's wearing a grey hat with a beige scarf and a red coat and brown gloves and a black purse."

Sometimes a customer tells her, "I have that black dress you made for me, and the green dress, so now I want a blue dress." Farrar retorts, "What on earth for? If you look nice in black and green, why venture into blue? Buy another black." Farrar herself has five black dresses.

Women's desire for change also baffles her. She recalls, "One of my customers came in and said, 'How do you like my hat? It's that little black hat I wore all last year, only now I bought these cock feathers for it.' I told her, 'It looked better plain,' and do you know what she said then? She said, 'But I continued on page 34



The Kimbers' life became so wrapped up in TV they ditched it. Here in their TV-less home are: Vivien, Carol, Ruth, Ann, June, Earl, David (foreground).

VIVIEN KIMBER TELLS

what happened when we threw out our TV set

You've all said:
"If only we could just stop
watching the thing!"
Well, our family tried it—
for a month.
What happened? *Read on . . .*

. . . **LAST OCTOBER** my husband and I finally worked up enough courage to try an experiment: we took the TV set out of the house for a month, just to see how (or maybe I should say "if") we and our five children would get along without it.

Most of our friends were aghast. You'd have thought we proposed to stop eating for a month instead of just moving a piece of furniture. The women in particular said it wouldn't work, the family would rebel. Actually, Earl and I felt they might be right, but we went ahead anyway. Now after having had time to think about it, we're very glad we did. We learned more about ourselves, individually and as a family, than I would have believed possible in such a short time. We got a glimpse of

how lovely life might be if somehow we could accept that glowing box in the corner as an entertaining servant instead of a demanding boss.

But on the other hand we both came to realize how tough it can be for one family to shed TV while nearby friends and relatives are addicted to it and quite happy that way.

When we removed the set on Oct. 13, leaving it with a friend who didn't own TV, our children didn't believe we actually meant it. They thought we were really taking it there to have the fuzzy sound fixed. But I'm happy to say that when we brought it back on Nov. 13 four-year-old June, our youngest, shouted, "Oh, the TV's back!"—and immediately rushed out to play. I'm ashamed to admit it was I who finally turned on the set and was most grateful it was back.

What had driven us to take the set out was a series of frustrations. We live in Woodroffe, on the western edge of Ottawa. Earl, my husband, is an appraiser in the customs branch of the Department of National Revenue. It's a pretty good job, and Earl's been at it ever since he got out of the air force, but with five children and a car to keep up we've never had much extra money.

But we bought a television set: we thought it would be nice to see our children occasionally. When we enlarged our house in 1955 we laid it out so that everybody could have some privacy. Ruthie, the eldest, who is eleven and a perfect little lady, shares the downstairs bedroom with Ann, our rowdy third child. Ann can't wait to smoke so she can scratch matches on her behind the

"It happened to us"

This is another of the series of personal-experience stories that will appear from time to time in Maclean's . . . stories told by its readers about some interesting dramatic event in their lives.

HAVE YOU SUCH A STORY? If so, send it to the articles editor, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. For stories accepted Maclean's will pay the regular rates it offers for articles.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY
WALTER CURTIN

way the cowboys do. We hope a little of Ruth may rub off on Ann, and perhaps a wee bit vice versa.

Carol and June, our two youngest, share a bunk bedroom upstairs. Nine-year-old David, our only boy, has a room upstairs, as do Earl and I.

We designed every bedroom with separate beds for each child, and two closets—one for clothes and the other for toys. We figured they would enjoy playing in their rooms, and this would leave the living room free as a family room.

But, instead of staying at home and enjoying this new privacy, our children were forever wandering off to watch TV at their friends' homes. So, though we were up to our ears in debt, we reluctantly came to the conclusion that if we wanted to see our brood now and then what we needed was TV.

Well, that TV set certainly kept our wandering offspring at home. In body, that is. In spirit, however, they were wherever the TV set took them. Many a time Earl would come in from work, shout, "Hi, kids!" and have to step over the mob watching TV to get to his chair. Only when the program was over would they turn around and look at him in astonishment and say, "Hello, Daddy! When did you come home?"

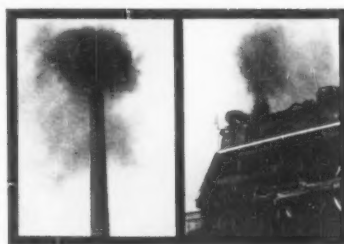
David was the worst. He would come in from school and if the set was already on, he'd feel his way out of his coat and into a seat barely arm's length from the screen. He liked some programs better than others, of course, but he'd watch anything. Violence fascinated him. If he saw a crowd gathered for the unveiling of a monument or the start of a **continued on page 58**

Is **SMOG** the real culprit in

We've blamed smoking,



but there is chilling evidence that soot



and gas fumes in the air are powerful factors too.

It poses a life-and-death question: When will we clean up our cities?

BY SIDNEY KATZ

The federal minister of justice, Stuart Garson, told the House of Commons in February that the air is being dangerously polluted by the exhaust fumes from cars and trucks, and that as soon as a fume-control device can be perfected it should be illegal to drive a vehicle without one.

His statement underlined a change in the thinking about smoke in relation to our general health, and particularly to lung cancer. In recent years a heated medical controversy has spun around the question, "Do cigarettes cause lung cancer?" Now a new question is being asked, "Is lung cancer caused by polluted air? Has the air we breathe become so contaminated by soot, gases, vapors, and oil and gasoline fumes that lung cancer is threatening more and more Canadians?"

This is a more chilling suggestion than the one involving cigarettes. Most people can give up smoking; nobody can give up breathing. Depending on his size and physical activity an individual must inhale from eight thousand to sixteen thousand quarts of air a day. Many scientists link this air with the rising incidence of cancer. "It is almost certain that air pollution is one of the main causes," says Dr. Kingsley Kay, of the Department of National Health and Welfare at Ottawa. A University of Southern California pathologist, Dr. Paul Kotin, who gave lung cancer to mice by having them inhale polluted urban air, asserts bluntly that "air pollutants may be twenty thousand times more potent as a cancer cause than tobacco tars."

When he visited Toronto in 1956, Dr. Antoine Lacassagne, of the Pasteur Institute in Paris, commented, "Breathing the air of this city does the equivalent damage of smoking forty cigarettes a day." Dr. R. M. Taylor, executive director of the National Cancer Institute of Canada, finds the relationship between lung cancer and contaminated air "a logical one."

Just a few weeks ago a special committee on air pollution reported to the Ontario government that the situation in Toronto had become critical. It recommended that a government commission, with widest powers of action, be appointed to look into it. Because, the report said, "air pollution is a most serious health hazard and a major cause of lung cancer and other malignancies."

The widespread concern about lung cancer, of course, stems from the fact that the disease is killing more and more people. In 1932 it was responsible for 2.1 percent of all Canadian cancer deaths; by 1955 the figure had jumped to nine percent. In the last twenty-five years, the death rate from lung cancer per 100,000 population in Canada has quadrupled.

In trying to find out why, doctors and scien-

lung cancer?

tists have used two principal methods of research. The first is to test suspected cancer-causing substances on laboratory animals. The second is to analyse lung-cancer-death statistics in humans and determine where the cases are concentrated. They then seek to discover features about the lives of the victims that may be significant, such as their diet, place of residence and vocation.

Both these research methods seemed to prove that the cigarette was at least partly responsible for lung cancer. Tobacco tar painted on the skin of mice often produced malignant tumors. Dozens of studies showed that the more you smoked the more likely you were to get lung cancer and that as the consumption of tobacco rose so did fatalities from lung cancer.

However, many authorities agree with Dr. W. C. Hueper of the National Cancer Institute, U.S. Public Health Service, when he argues, "You can't place the entire blame on the cigarette. Too many questions remain unanswered." Why do so many non-smokers develop lung cancer? Why are the victims so often men, so seldom women? (In Canada the sex ratio is four to one; in some other countries it's much higher.) Why are there such great variations in the lung-cancer death rate among urban and rural residents, from country to country, city to city? Among workers in various industries? Among members of various economic groups?

Big-city air is deadlier

Hueper points out that many things besides tobacco consumption have changed in the world since 1920. And any of them might cause lung cancer. Gas, coal and oil consumption have zoomed, motor traffic has multiplied, manufacturing industries have mushroomed and thousands of miles of tar-surfaced highways have been built. Such changes have filled the air with pollutants, many of which are known—or suspected—to cause cancer.

If contaminated air is responsible for lung cancer, the disease should be more prevalent in urban than in rural areas. In Canada, Dr. A. H. Sellars, medical statistician of the Ontario Department of Health, found that the provinces with the highest proportion of urban dwellers had the highest rate of respiratory cancer. Ontario headed the list; Prince Edward Island was at the bottom. Sellars found that the lung-cancer death rate in such large cities as Toronto and Windsor was well above the Ontario average.

In the large cities of England, Wales and Denmark the lung-cancer death rate is usually twice as high as it is in the rural areas. In a recent year, Canada, with six people per square mile,

had one lung-cancer death per 7,960 people. The United States, with fifty people per square mile, had one lung-cancer death per 6,600. England, with 753 people per square mile, had a lung-cancer death for every 3,200 inhabitants. One British investigator has claimed that there's a direct relationship between the number of lung-cancer cases in any given area and the number of chimneys per acre.

Perhaps even more startling is the difference in lung-cancer rates in different areas within the same city. In Pittsburgh, many poorer families live in the lower section of town where the air is heavily loaded with the fumes of coal tar, petroleum and arsenic—all established or suspected carcinogenic agents. The skin- and lung-cancer rate among males of this economic group is double that of males for Pittsburgh as a whole. Studies by Dr. Clarence A. Mills of the University of Cincinnati have shown that in cities where soot is heaviest, deaths from lung cancer, TB and pneumonia are highest.

Where do these deadly contaminants come from? Pollution has many sources. Vehicles—with either gasoline or diesel engines—spew out noxious fumes. It has been estimated that Toronto, with half a million cars, is exposed to a billion cubic feet of exhaust fumes a day. Steamships, trains and domestic and industrial oil furnaces foul the air. So do garbage incinerators. Metropolitan Toronto alone burns 700,000 tons of garbage a year. Additional pollution comes from refineries, brickyards, smelters and other manufacturing plants. The wind carries abrasive dust from tires and highways.

There's a limit to the amount of dirt the air can absorb without jeopardizing human health. "Some urban areas have already reached a potentially dangerous state," says Dr. Morris Katz, air-pollution consultant to Canada's Department of National Health and Welfare. "The pollution problem that will result is our top future headache," says Professor E. A. Allcut of the University of Toronto.

Perhaps the severity of the headache will be lessened if we learn more about the chemical composition of the pollutants and exactly how they attack humans. There are large gaps in our knowledge. However, we do know that the size of the pollutant in the air is all-important. Large particles are screened out by the nasal passage. But tiny particles can penetrate deep into the lung. If they happen to be a cancer-causing material they can ultimately irritate the tissue to the point where a cancer results.

Nobody knows how many kinds of cancer-causing agents are adrift in urban air. At present, scientists are most concerned about a family of chemical agents named

continued on page 54

"Air pollutants may be 20,000 times more potent as a cancer cause than tobacco tars"

"Breathing the air of a city like Toronto does the equivalent damage of smoking forty cigarettes a day"

"Nobody knows how many cancer-causing agents are adrift in the air... but hydrocarbons from the incomplete combustion of coal and fuel may be the worst"

"The exhaust your car gives out in two minutes can cause skin tumors in laboratory mice"



FROM JUNKMAN: At thirteen Mayer (asterisk) ran his dad's junk yard in Saint John, N.B., for paltry pay.

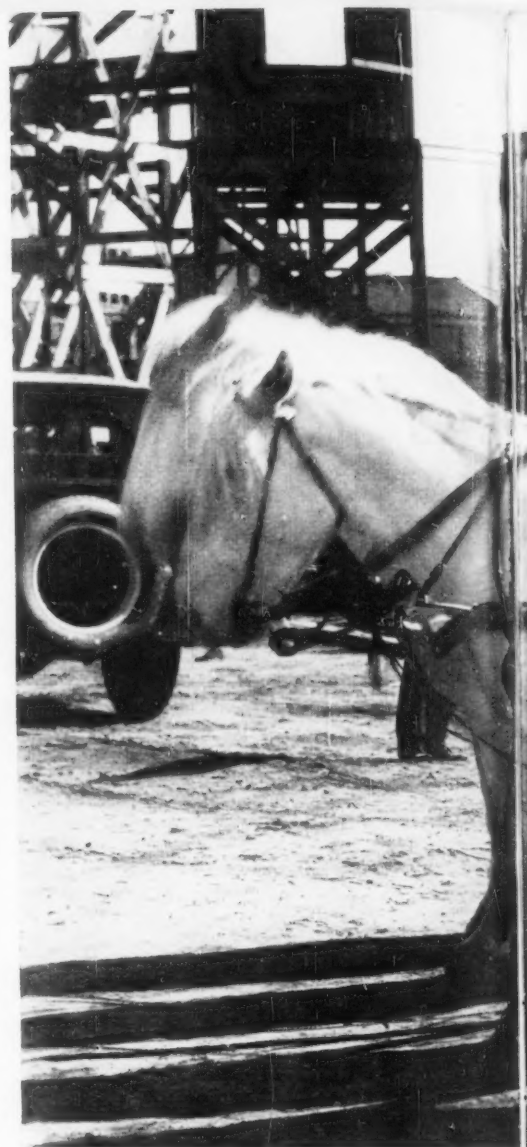
BEGINNING BOSLEY CROWTHER'S STORY OF

The wonderland of Louis B. Mayer*

For more than three decades the story of Hollywood has been tightly interwoven with the story of its biggest, gaudiest and richest studio—the entertainment colossus known as Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, the corporate child of an even greater colossus known as Loew's, Inc. Curiously, more than any other studio in Hollywood, the fortunes of M-G-M have been tied up with the fortunes of a group of Canadians. Some of its top stars, from Marie Dressler to Walter Pidgeon, have been Canadians. But more important, so have the men who guided its destinies. Louis B. Mayer, who ran the studio for a quarter of a century, came from Saint John, New Brunswick. His right-hand man, the much-revered Irving Thalberg, was married to Norma Shearer, the Montreal schoolgirl who became a star. Today the key man is again a Canadian—Joseph Tomlinson, of Winnipeg, the largest single shareholder in Loew's, who controls five million dollars of its stock and who recently caused an upset on its board of directors. (One of the new directors, a Tomlinson man, is Ray Lawson, former lieutenant-governor of Ontario.

With M-G-M entering a new chapter in its story, Bosley Crowther, the award-winning motion-picture critic of the New York Times, has completed a lively and patently "unofficial" history of the company from its earliest days. Maclean's publishes here the most revealing sections of Crowther's story, which is to appear as a book later this spring from E. P. Dutton, New York. It is a story that Hollywood itself might advertise as one of "high comedy, bizarre drama and strong passions." It features people like Greta Garbo, John Gilbert, Helen Hayes, the Barrymores, Clark Gable, Robert Taylor, Greer Garson, Hedy Lamarr, Mickey Rooney, Vivien Leigh and a cast of thousands right down to the man-eating lions and the exotic native dancers. But the real star is Louis Burt Mayer, the son of a Saint John junk dealer who rose to head the list of the top U.S. moneymakers. Mayer's character, a strange bundle of passion, sentiment and shrewdness, so unbelievable that it would seem unreal in a B picture, forms the core of Crowther's narrative.

CROWTHER'S STORY BEGINS OVERLEAF

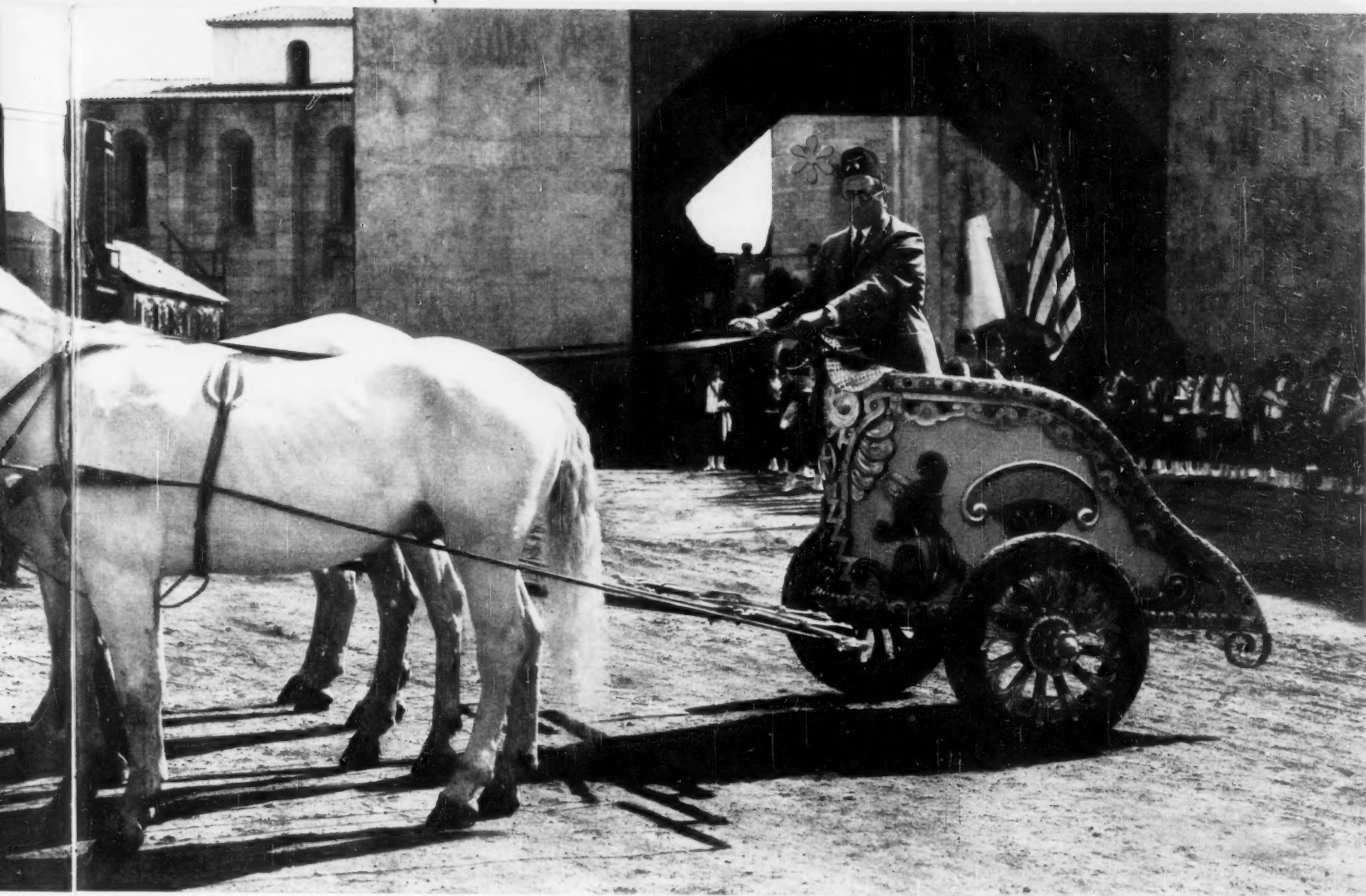


TO TYCOON: In his thirties Mayer was top producer

This Canadian started as a junk



MAYER HAD PROBLEMS WITH ONE STAR, MARION DAVIES, BUT MADE A FORTUNE WITH ANOTHER.



producer for M-G-M, spending millions of dollars on Ben Hur (above) for which he built a \$300,000 Colosseum, hired 3,300 extras and used an unprecedented 42 cameras for one scene.

junk dealer and wound up bossing M-G-M, Hollywood's biggest, richest, gaudiest studio.

Here's the never-before-told story of his incredible career and the tinsel world he ruled



THE DAVIES DILEMMA: She flopped, but Hearst, the publisher, backed her. Mayer couldn't drop her.



THE GARBO GAMBLE: She was fat but got slim for Mayer. He saw her first in this film.



THE GARBO ROMANCE: She fell in love with co-star John Gilbert. They became screen's favorite love team.



The wonderland of Louis B. Mayer continued

Mayer wagered millions of dollars on new faces. But filming

◀ **SHRINE OF THE SCREEN GODS:** Many Mayer hits were premiered at Grauman's Chinese Theatre.

Mayer was born in Russia and brought to Canada by his parents when he was a child. From them he inherited his resourcefulness and pluck. He was out collecting scrap iron before he was eight. At thirteen he was running his father's junk yard. When a contract was made to raise an iron ship, sunk in Saint John harbor, Mayer worked with the divers and wreckers, developing the physique that gave him the shape and texture of a fireplug. He was short, thick and strong.

At nineteen he was off to Boston to marry a cantor's daughter there—and thence to Brooklyn, where he continued to make his living in the scrap-metal business.

Then some stray inclination moved this impulsive young man to drop scrap metal and go into show business. The same impulse was moving Marcus Loew, the son of an immigrant Austrian, toward the penny arcades, and Nicholas Schenck, an immigrant Russian, toward the

amusement parks. Mayer moved slowly up the ladder to become a Hollywood producer. Loew and Schenck moved up the ladder to operate a massive theatre chain—Loew's, Inc. They had bought two studios—Metro and Goldwyn—so their theatres would have enough pictures to show. And in 1924 they hired Mayer, and the group around him, to manage the merged operation. Thus Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer came into being.

Mayer had been turning out the solemn and sentimental "dramas" that were characteristic of that era. Their mawkishness reflected his own emotional nature. He was immensely sentimental. Tears sprang quickly to his eyes and he developed a disposition toward broad theatrical gestures and displays. More than once in heated encounters with directors and stars, he would be overcome with emotion and go off into fainting spells. In such crises his loyal secretary, Florence Browning, would casually dash cold water into his face, and he would come to, muttering, "Where am I?" after sufficient pause for alarm.

The ambiguities of Mayer's nature were memorably revealed in the handling of one of the first films he made with Mildred Harris Chaplin, who was estranged from her husband, Charlie Chaplin. This circumstance caused bitter feelings over her use of the Chaplin name. The comedian suspected, with ample reason, that she and Mayer were trading on his fame.

The matter came to a crisis in a characteristic episode. One pleasant evening Mayer and a party of guests arrived at a hotel for dinner. Chaplin happened to be there. Some unpleasant remarks were passed between the resentful comedian and the producer. Chaplin invited Mayer to remove his glasses. Mayer did so with one hand. With the other, he clipped Chaplin on the jaw.

But Mayer's ability to assemble talent was manifested in his years as a producer. By far his most fortunate association was with the boyish Irving Thalberg, who had come to work for him and whose name is sacred in Hollywood today.

The smooth and successful co-operation between Mayer and Thalberg in the year they worked together as an independent outfit is attested by the recollections of some of the people who were with them at the time. One of these was a clever young Canadian actress who was hired to play minor parts. No one then suspected the more important role that Norma Shearer was to play in the destinies of Thalberg and Mayer—no one, with the possible exception of Norma Shearer, that is.

Hers had been pretty much the routine of the hard-working conscientious girl, determined to be somebody in the entertainment world. An early ambition to be a pianist, pursued with diligence during her teens in Montreal, where she was born, was cut short when her well-to-do father failed in business, and she had to get out on her own.

With money from the sale of her piano, she and her sister, Athole, went to New York, chaperoned by their mother, and got employment as extras in a shoestring series of two-reel comedies. The producer went broke and for the next several years, she continued on page 47

The remarkable rise of
the girl from Montreal—Norma
Shearer—who became a
key figure in the M-G-M story



WITH BASIL RATHBONE: She starred in *The Last of Mrs. Cheyney*. Mayer signed her in 1923.



WITH LESLIE HOWARD: She played Juliet. In Montreal she had studied to be a pianist.



WITH JOHN GILBERT: She played with the matinee idol in silent *He Who Gets Slapped*.



WITH IRVING THALBERG: She married Mayer's brilliant aide in 1927. He died at 37.



WITH CLARK GABLE: She teamed with the future king of the screen lovers in *A Free Soul*.

ning

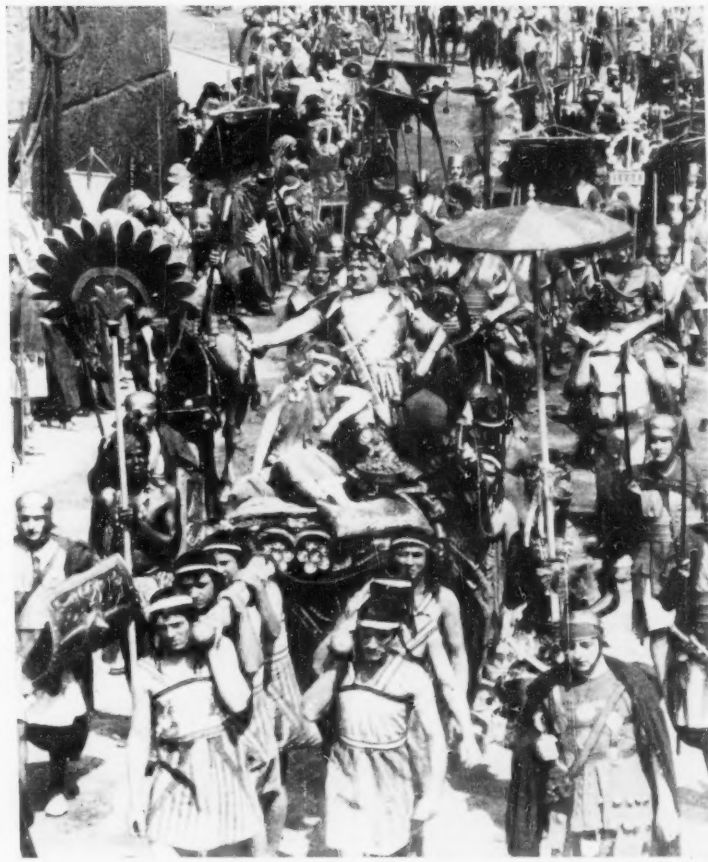
Ben Hur was his most heroic gamble, the biggest, most costly movie made up to that time



BEN HUR'S SCRIPTWRITER: June Mathis, who discovered Valentino, wrote first Ben Hur script. She bought a twin crypt and was buried beside Valentino.

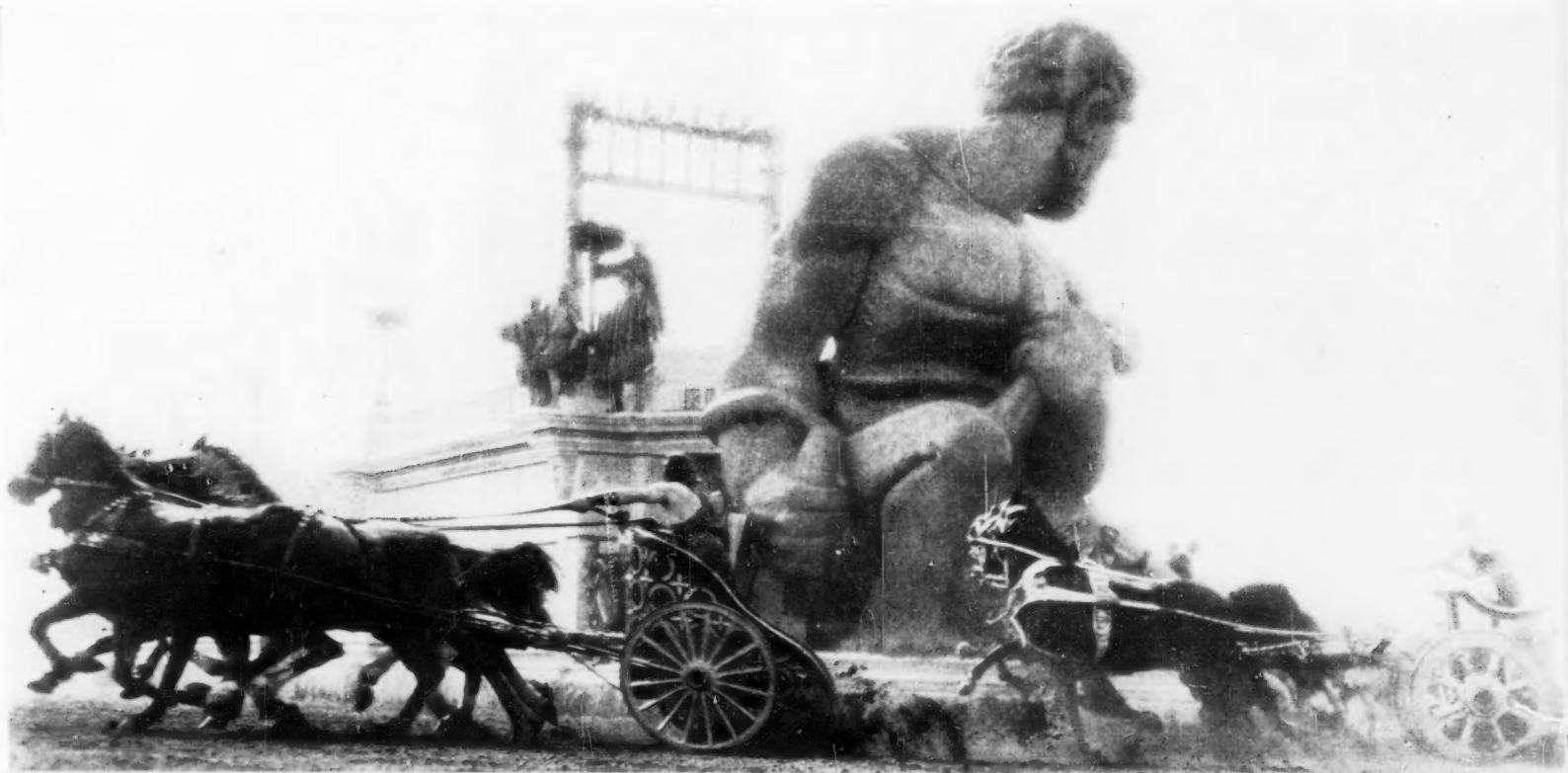


BEN HUR'S ITALY: Film started with Mussolini's blessings in 1924. Armies of extras, herds of camels, lavish sets soon ate up original \$750,000 budget.



BEN HUR'S SPECTACLE: A year later gaudy scenes were still being shot, millions spent. Mayer, shocked by waste, ordered film finished in Hollywood.

BEN HUR'S DRIVERS: Stunt men barreled chariots around Hollywood-made arena in biggest scene. An accidental four-chariot crackup made it even more memorable.





BASEBALL

It was his worst sport, but he could hit. In 1926 he played with Toronto in the Little World Series.



BOXING

He sparred with Dempsey in 1922 but wouldn't turn pro. In first tournament he won a Canadian crown.



LACROSSE

Here in 1933 he was an old pro. Once as a youth he played for lacrosse and baseball titles in one day.

Me and my family . . . the story of the Conachers **PART III** By Charlie Conacher with Trent Frayne

"Lionel could do anything" He licked whole hockey

Back in 1912 when my father was a teamster in Toronto keeping a family of six kids on nine dollars a week, my brother Lionel used to meet him every day after school so that he could drive his team to the stable. Lionel was twelve then, a sturdy eager boy wearing stovepipe pants above his bare knees. One time as they were unhitching the team, the boss came in and told dad to hire another man to help him haul sod from the Don Valley the next day.

"I can do it, I can do it!" exclaimed Lionel. "Let me do it, Dad."

The next day Lionel stayed out of school and drove a team five miles to the valley and then hauled sod all day, from eight in the morning until six at night, and as I recall it he earned a dollar.

Those words of Lionel's, "I can do it," pretty well set the pattern of his life. He would tackle anything—from facing Jack Dempsey in a boxing ring to taking on Tim Buck in a political riding, to battling half of the world-champion New York Rangers hockey team in Madison Square Garden—and he'd give it everything he had. I think it's reasonable and accurate to say simply that Lionel could do anything.

There was scarcely a dissenting voice back in 1950 when Lionel was voted Canada's outstanding athlete of the half-century, and by then he'd been retired for fifteen years. There was certainly no surprise around our house when the Canadian Press announced the result of its national poll; as far back as 1922, three years before Lionel turned professional, the newspapers frequently called him Canada's greatest athlete, and we just sort of took it for granted that he

was. The New York Times columnist, John Kieran, was asked once to name the best athlete he'd ever seen in Madison Square Garden, and in part here's what he wrote:

"Naturally I saw Joe Louis perform in the Garden, Babe Ruth too—in a softball game, but it was still Babe Ruth. Bill Tilden, who whacked a tennis ball under that roof, was a great man to watch. It would be hard to pick from such a glittering galaxy the one who put on the greatest show for me, but if it's the best athlete who is up for selection, one vote for Large Lionel Conacher."

In 1940 a Toronto columnist reprinted a letter from one of America's foremost football coaches, Carl Snavely of Cornell, who said that Lionel "was probably the greatest athlete that I have ever coached in football or in any other form of athletics, and it has been my good fortune to have on my teams some of the greatest football players who ever played American football. All-Americans who will be remembered for generations because of their outstanding performances."

Lamenting that Lionel had decided to play professional hockey instead of continuing his football under Snavely at Bellafonte Academy, a prep school in Pittsburgh, the coach added: "I don't believe I have ever had a fullback who was a better runner in an open field, or who was a better punter, or who so fully possessed all of the qualities of speed, skill, dexterity, aggressiveness, self-control and the various attributes that are required for superiority in the American game of football. He was far superior to many boys on the same team who later won All-American honors in several universities."

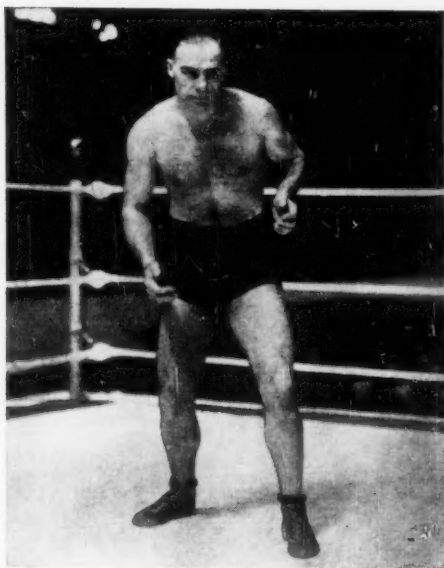
Lionel chose hockey because it offered the most money. He was determined to rise above the blunted curbstones of Davenport Road where he was born on May 24, 1900. I was nine years younger than Lionel and he used to tell me over and over, "If you want to live better, Charlie, you've got to make good at something, and I don't know where we're going to do it if it isn't in sports." Through hockey, Lionel led our family of ten kids (four more were born after 1912) out of the semi-slums of Toronto's old North End. He was much better at football and lacrosse than he was at hockey, but in the Twenties and early Thirties hockey was the only game that paid off in Canada.

For all his aggressiveness and determination, he was fair and played cleanly. The great little left-winger of the Canadiens, Aurel Joliat, once remarked of Lionel, "He never tried to hurt a small player like myself." When roused, though, look out, for down would go the stick and he punched like a trip hammer. As I've said, hockey was the sport at which he had not too much ability because he didn't skate until he was sixteen, and he always was an awkward man on the ice. But he approached hockey intelligently and figured out angles at which it was impossible for even a fast-skating forward to break clear on the net. Playing those angles, he would force the forwards wide, keeping them between him and the sideboards. He developed a sliding, puck-stopping method of smothering shots, dropping with uncanny timing to one knee, a style that prompted the Toronto sportswriter Ted Reeve to call him the Traveling Netminder. And because he had put more thought, of necessity,



FOOTBALL

It was his favorite. U.S. experts called him great. In the 1921 Grey Cup he had three touchdowns.



WRESTLING

He had a brief fling as a pro in the Thirties, but he was no novice. He'd been a champion at sixteen.



HOCKEY

At fifty he still played for fun. He easily topped a poll on Canada's top athlete of the half century.

key teams, fought Dempsey, kicked a football farther than anyone, battled through politics and died stretching out a triple. Here's the "Big Train" only his family knew

into actually manufacturing his hockey ability, he became an astute field general.

He was absolutely fearless despite some fierce punishment over the years. His great natural timing and aptitude and a perfect frame for contact sports helped him in his early years in the National Hockey League, of course, but as a kid who'd had nothing he sampled the social side of big-league living, too. Sampled? For a time it seemed he was bent on a literal interpretation of the soft-drink slogan, Drink Canada Dry. When Lionel was with the old unbridled New York Americans and, later, the unrestrained Montreal Maroons, nobody traveled faster than he did. But two things changed all that when he was thirty. The Maroons, recognizing that he'd slowed to a walk, asked waivers on him, meaning that any other club in the NHL could claim his services for \$10,000. Significant of his decline, there were no takers.

The second factor was that his first of five children was born. He and his wife, the former Dorothy Kennedy, the daughter of a well-to-do Toronto landowner, had eloped when Lionel was twenty-three and Dot was seventeen. The elopement so disturbed Dot's father that he didn't speak to Lionel for two years—and then, in Dorothy's words, "he wound up loving him." Seven years after their marriage, with their first child on the way, they agreed that if it was a girl Dot would name the baby, and if it was a boy he'd be called Lionel. When a little girl was born in Wellesley Hospital in Toronto on Nov. 25, 1930, Lionel phoned from Montreal, jubilant.

"How is Constance?" continued on page 30



LIONEL'S LAST SWING: Once a year he played softball with other Ottawa MPs against Press Gallery writers. Here, in the 1954 game, he clouted a long hit. Running, he collapsed and died on the base paths.



Major-Gen. W. H. S. Macklin says

We can't fight without a merchant navy

We had to disgrace the *Magnificent* to get troops to Suez.

We're wasting billions on defense, he says, if we ignore the fleet we need to transport our army

Since the Korean war broke out in 1950 Canada has spent almost ten billion dollars on her armed forces. Canadians were surely entitled to expect that, in an emergency, the necessary elements of those forces would be able to move to the required spots with speed and precision, by land, or sea, or air. Ministers have frequently assured the tired taxpayers that this would be the case.

Last November the crisis arrived, and nobody could contend that it came without warning; the international storm signals had been flying for months. Our government deemed it necessary to dispatch a force to Egypt.

In the military sense this force was of the smallest possible size and of the lightest conceivable nature. The army portion of it, as the government thought of it until Colonel Nasser corrected them, was a solitary infantry battalion of less than a thousand men, plus some detachments and details of other arms and services. In the end it turned out to be the detachments and details that went, without the battalion.

The expedition included no heavy armament, equipment or transport—no monstrous tanks (or even any little ones), no significant weight of ammunition. The fact is, no expedition in Canada's military his-

tory was ever so lightly or so scantily equipped since the days of Champlain's *coureurs de bois*, who sometimes went in canoes, but usually on their feet.

What, then, was the plan evolved by our Department of National Defense for shifting this tiny military party across the sea?

First, we had news of our powerful aircraft carrier, HMCS *Magnificent*, steaming back from Britain to Halifax, and straining all her boilers to get there. And then there was the shocking spectacle of this great vessel being disarmed—her aircraft removed, her guns dismantled, her ammunition seen on television by the whole nation, pouring down conveyors to the shore. So, in jig time she was turned into an inferior species of troop transport and rendered impotent, helpless to fight and incapable even of protecting herself. After sitting at Halifax for several weeks she steamed off to Port Said in that condition.

Canadians should understand exactly what was done to them on this occasion. This warship is the strongest component of the Royal Canadian Navy. Also, she is by far the most expensive unit of any of Canada's fighting forces. Upon her maintenance, and that of her predecessor, *Warrior*, and their aircraft, this country has spent many scores of mil-

lions of dollars since World War II. On the building of her successor, HMCS *Bonaventure*, recently commissioned, we have lavished tens of additional millions.

The value of the *Magnificent* and her costly aircraft for the defense of Canada has been debated and questioned repeatedly in the highest circles of the cabinet. Always it was decided that she was worth her terrific price. Our citizens may reasonably demand, then, why in these dangerous critical days this country was deprived for months of the protection she is supposed to afford us, and why our navy was subjected to the abject humiliation of seeing her stripped of her armament before starting on the first active commission of her entire career.

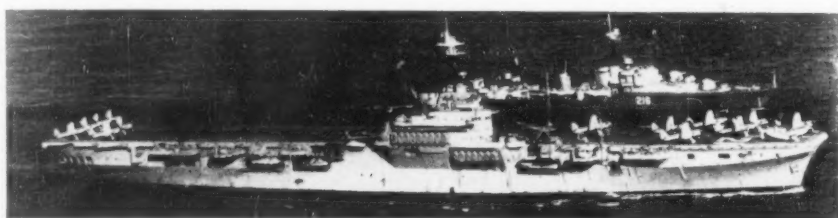
The inexcusable answer, of course, is that the government, for diplomatic reasons connected with the further appeasement of Col. Nasser, thought that they must have an unarmed Canadian ship to take these Canadian troops to Egypt, and there does not exist a merchant ship, either liner or freighter, of Canadian registry that could be used to do the job. Canada, one of the greatest overseas traders in the world, is without an effective merchant marine.

We have been caught this way before. In 1941, when it was

continued on page 40

"Maggie"—before her saddest hour

We spent millions arming our proudest warship, and then, with no merchantmen, had to disarm and humiliate her to send troops to Suez.





It's Watch Inspection Time, March 25 to April 6, at your jeweler.

WHAT MAKES IT TICK?

It's not quite magic, young fellow. *But, almost.*

For more than 125 intricate parts—tiny gears and wheels and springs—must mesh in perfect harmony to yield up minutes by the hour and year. And they have no time for a deep breath.

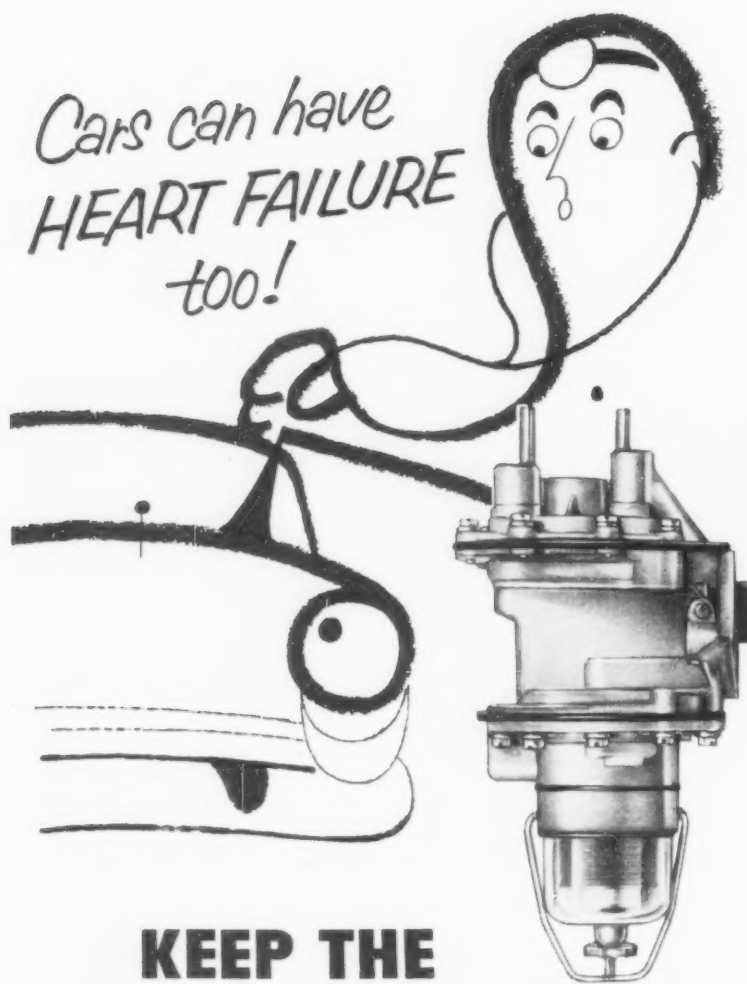
A time machine like yours has to have heart. And it has. A staunch jeweled-lever heart put there by the watchmakers of Switzerland. Ten generations of fathers and sons who have had time on their hands and constantly in their minds—which explains why most of the greats and the new in timekeeping are Swiss.

The self-winding watch—today's most wanted—is as Swiss as Swiss can be. So is the miraculous chronograph that will tell you time in tenths of a second, add it up into minutes and hours, and then calculate problems in sound, speed and distance!

Trust your jeweler to take perfect care of your jeweled-lever Swiss watch. And trust the watchmakers of Switzerland to continue bringing you the finest and newest in time all the time. For a watch to own—for the gifts you'll give with pride, let your jeweler be your guide.

TIME IS THE ART OF THE WATCHMAKERS OF SWITZERLAND





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Macleans' Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



BEST BET

Smiley: A shiny new bicycle is life's rosiest dream to a small boy (Colin Petersen) in an Australian bush town in this naive but pleasant family comedy-drama. It's a British film, benefiting from the beauty of its authentic Australian background. Smiley's friends and foes include a jolly clergyman (Sir Ralph Richardson), a pretty teacher (Jocelyn Hernfield) and an opium smuggler (John McCallum).

Drango: A somewhat draggy but thoughtful and decent drama about a Union officer (Jeff Chandler) who faces both open and secret hostility in his efforts to rebuild a ravaged Southern town at the end of the Civil War. With Joanne Dru, Donald Crisp.

The Girl in Black Stockings: Pretentious touches in direction and camera work fail to bestow above-average merits on a whodunit about a series of murders at a summer resort. With Lex Barker, Anne Bancroft and Canada's Diana van der Vlis.

The Guns of Fort Petticoat: A fair western, replete with the sort of bang-bang action that youngsters seem to cherish on a Saturday afternoon. Audie Murphy and a battalion of women hold off the redskins.

The Great Man: Worth a second mention is this biting satire on the idol-creating nature of commercial radio-TV. With José Ferrer, Ed Wynn, Keenan Wynn, Dean Jagger, Julie London.

Hot Summer Night: Most of the characters in this arty little crime melodrama remain enigmas at the finish. It's about a jobless newsman (Leslie Nielsen) who is kidnapped by the killers he is trying to interview. Rating: fair.

The Shadow on the Window: Once again three hoodlums—teen-agers this time—terrorize a peaceful house. The result is a mildly suspenseful yarn, with John Barrymore Jr., Betty Garrett.

GILMOUR'S GUIDE TO THE CURRENT CROP

Anastasia: Mystery drama. Good.

Baby Doll: Sexy comedy-drama. Well-done trash. Rating: Fair.

The Barretts of Wimpole Street: Romantic drama. Fair.

The Battle of the River Plate: Naval-warfare drama. Good.

Beyond Mombasa: Jungle drama. Poor.

The Brave One: Mexico drama. Good.

Dance With Me, Henry: Abbott-and-Costello farce. Fair for kids.

Friendly Persuasion: Comedy-drama re American Quakers. Good.

Full of Life: Comedy. Good.

Giant: Texas drama. Good.

The Girl Can't Help It: Rock 'n roll comedy. Fair.

Gold Rush: Chaplin reissue. Excellent.

Great American Pastime: Comedy. Fair.

House of Secrets: Crime drama. Fair.

The Iron Petticoat: Comedy. Poor.

It's Great to Be Young: British school comedy. Fair.

The Killing: Crime drama. Excellent.

The King and Four Queens: Western comedy-drama. Fair.

The Last Wagon: Western. Good.

Loser Takes All: Comedy. Fair.

Mister Cory: Drama. Good.

Nightfall: Crime drama. Fair.

The Rainmaker: Comedy-drama. Good.

Reach for the Sky: RAF drama. Good.

Reprisal: Western. Good.

Secrets of Life: Nature. Excellent.

The Silent World: Undersea true-life drama in color. Tops.

Slander: Drama. Good.

The Solid Gold Cadillac: Big-business comedy. Excellent.

Storm Centre: Drama. Fair.

Top Secret Affair: Comedy. Fair.

Toward the Unknown: Air drama. Good.

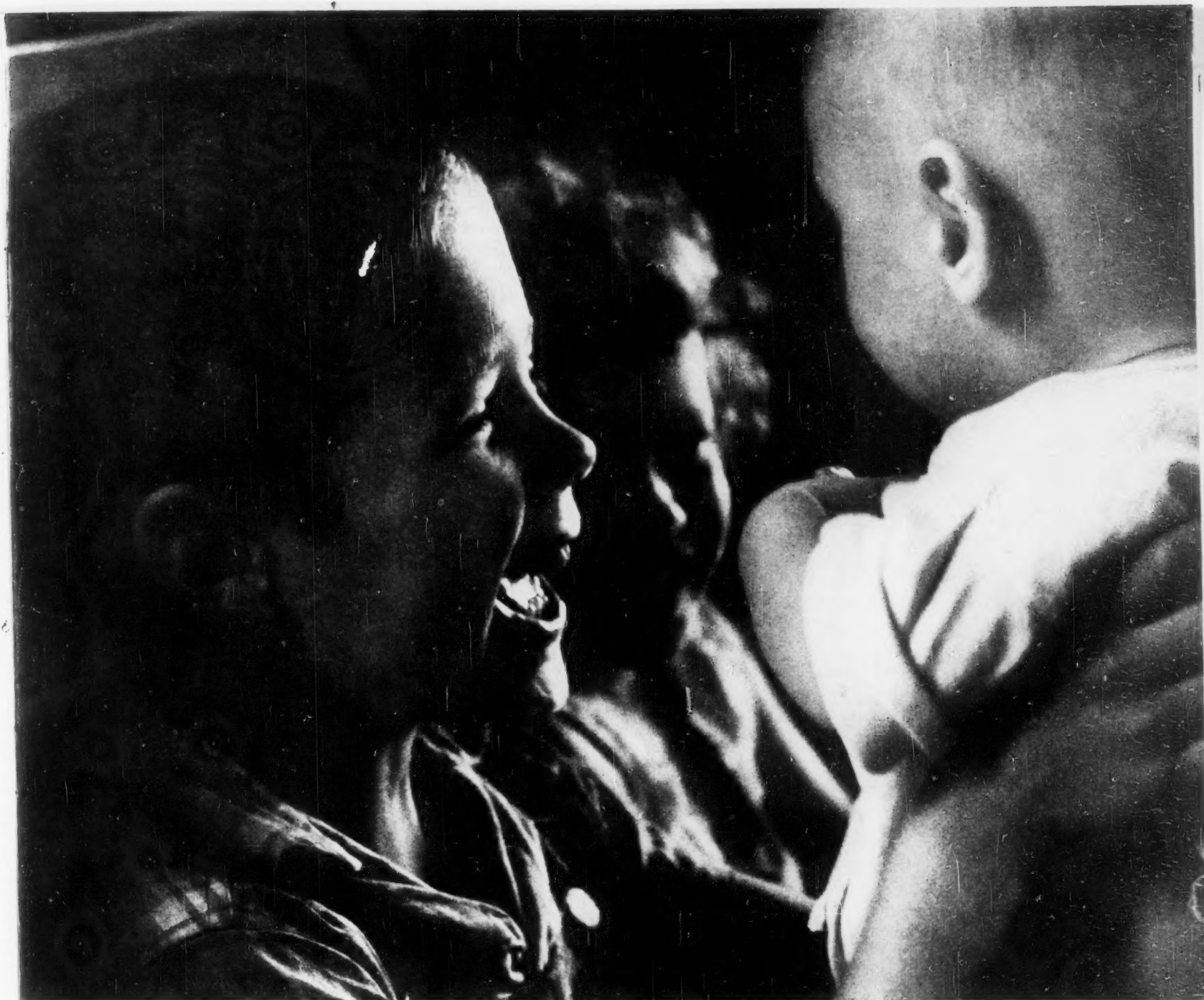
The Unguarded Moment: Drama. Good.

Westward Ho the Wagons! Injuns-vs.-settlers western. Good.

The Wings of Eagles: Drama. Poor.

The Wrong Man: Drama. Good.

Zarak: Desert melodrama. Fair.



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3. To assure your wife a regular income after the children are grown up and on their own.
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The story of the Conachers continued from page 25

Lionel's record: 600 stitches, eight broken noses

he asked slyly, "how is little Connie?" And then he said quietly, "Dot, from now on, things will be different."

It was at that moment, Dot says, that Lionel, whom she always called Con, stopped drinking.

It has been written that Lionel was a two-bottle-a-day man, which I doubt, but nevertheless it must have been a great wrench when he quit cold. Just after his daughter Connie was born he developed pneumonia, and then he had an operation, and on top of all this the Maroons were ready to drop him. But, typical of the kid who said, "I can do it, Dad," he came back better than ever. After two good seasons with the Maroons, he was purchased by Chicago. As a comparatively old athlete nearing his mid-thirties, he led the Black Hawks to the Stanley Cup in 1934 and then was the defensive mainstay of the Maroons when they bought him back from Chicago and won it in 1935.

Lionel, as befits a champion, drew on his battered head a considerable amount of envy and abuse in climbing from the near-poverty of his youth to prominence in sports and politics and business. Even today, three years after his death during a parliamentary softball game in Ottawa at the age of fifty-four, there are people who disparage his achievements, but no one who knew him is among them.

He took a terrible physical battering in becoming a big-league hockey star—when he was nearing thirty-four he was named over Eddie Shore and Ching Johnson to the first team on the NHL's 1933-34 all-stars — and carried something like six hundred stitches. He had a hundred and fifty in his face and head alone, and had had his nose broken eight times. It carried a permanent curve that resembled a road detour.

Lionel's role was always that of a policeman, herding the little guys on his club when rival defensemen began roughing them up. With the Americans

he'd look after Normie Himes and Rabbit McVeigh particularly because they were two of the smallest—and smartest—forwards in the league. Once in a game in New York he took seventeen minutes in penalties for fights and exchanges with five different Rangers, Butch Keeling, Vic Ripley, Ott Heller, Doug Brennan and Ching Johnson, and as he was wearily taking off his harness in the dressing room afterward, he suddenly turned to the Amerks' little goalkeeper, Roy Worters, and exclaimed, "Hell, I forgot about that Asmundsen. I saw him butt-end Rabbit."

He tangled with Eddie Shore almost every time his team played the Bruins. Bob Gracie, who used to play with my team, the Toronto Maple Leafs, once told me about his dilemma as a player with the Maroons when Lionel was his team mate. "When I'd skate past that Shore toward the Bruins' net, he'd snarl at me that he'd cut my legs off if I came across the blue line again," Gracie said. "Then I'd go back to our end and big Connie would growl that if I didn't get the hell up to the other end of the rink and score us a goal or two he'd cut off my ears."

Roy Worters, who is all of five-feet-two and weighs about 120, often talks about the time that Lionel picked up the worst-looking cut he ever saw. The Amerks were playing the Black Hawks and with five minutes to go Lionel fell on a Chicago player's skate. He climbed to his feet and finished out the game without a word. Afterward, he could barely get his equipment off. The skate had torn a crescent-shaped gash eight inches long in his thigh. The Americans' club doctor, Dr. Henry Clauss, pulled together the badly torn leg tissues with fourteen stitches, and admitted while he was doing it that he'd never seen a worse wound.

For all his toughness, Lionel was a quiet friendly fellow off the ice, with a

JASPER

by Simpkins



"Maybe we'd better check."



The key is his . . . and the townsfolk say

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of unexcelled
quality

droll humor. One time the Americans were crossing the border for a game in Toronto, and a customs official told Lionel, who was the coach, that he'd checked the players' Pullman car but couldn't find little Roy Worters.

"He's in his berth," said Lionel. "But I've looked there," said the official.

"Well, look again," smiled Lionel. "He's in there some place."

Lionel was a wonderful cook, and often had the players visit his apartment in Montreal for a steak that he could broil like a professional chef. Once he invited a few of the Maroon players, Baldy Northcott, Jimmy Ward and Cy Wentworth, for dinner. He visited a shoemaker during the afternoon. Wentworth complimented him on the tenderness of his steak. Northcott, who had a plate with the steak smothered in fried onions, complained that he was having trouble cutting his steak. Baldy had the one that had come from the shoemaker.

Lionel began playing games at Jesse Ketchum school, three doors down the street from our first home on Davenport Road. He won the Ontario 125-pound wrestling championship in 1916, when he was sixteen, and the first time he ever boxed competitively he won the Canadian light-heavyweight championship at Ottawa in 1920.

It wasn't unusual for Lionel to compete in two championship games in a single day. Once, in 1922, he was playing baseball for the Toronto Hillcrests and lacrosse for the Toronto Maitlands. Hillcrests were playing the Monarchs for the Ontario baseball championship one Saturday afternoon in a game cut to seven innings by agreement. In the last of the seventh with Hillcrests trailing by two runs the bases were full when Lionel came to bat. He crashed a triple to win the game, and he kept right on running when he crossed third base.

He ran to a waiting car, and changed into his lacrosse togs as the car sped across town to a park where Maitlands were playing Brampton for the Ontario lacrosse championship. When Lionel arrived Maitlands were trailing 3 to 0. He scored four goals and assisted in another as Maitlands won the game 5 to 3.

That same year Lionel fought a three-round exhibition bout with the world's heavyweight champion, Jack Dempsey, for the soldiers at Christie Street Hospital in Toronto. He was no match for the great Dempsey, of course, but he showed enough promise and willingness that both Dempsey and his manager, Jack Kearns, urged him to take the game seriously. But Lionel had no stomach for the prize ring, although he once told me that if there was an athlete he admired more than any other, it was a boxing champion.

"When you're in that ring you're all alone," he remarked. "There's not a man in the world who can help you. You have to hit the other guy and, at the same time, keep from getting hit. No other sport demands so much of a man."

As I have indicated, Lionel's favorite sport was football. People who saw the Grey Cup final of 1921 dwell lovingly on the memory of a raw-boned steer of a man who, in the days before the deception of the forward pass, grabbed a ball from scrimmage, churned his knees to the chins of opposing tacklers and barreled over the turf all afternoon, scoring fifteen points as his Toronto Argonauts whipped the Edmonton Eskimos 23 to 0. Not until Jackie Parker came along in the Grey Cup game of 1956, thirty-five years later, did an individual player score more than fifteen points in a Grey Cup game. Parker's three touchdowns, aided by a new rule that made the value of a

touchdown six points instead of five, plus a single, produced the new record of nineteen points.

Annis Stukus, the old Argonaut football player who breathed life into the game in Edmonton and Vancouver in recent years, has told me about a feat he saw Lionel perform in 1937. Watching the Argos practice one fall day when he was thirty-seven years old, Lionel noticed the kicking of Bob Isbister, who later became the best kicker in the country.

"Maybe I can show you how to get

more distance, Bob," Lionel suggested. "Here, put your foot into it this way."

Then, wearing his business clothes and Oxfords, Lionel kicked the ball high and far. Stukus swears the ball traveled eighty-five yards in the air, and then bounced high into the end zone.

Lionel performed a switch in 1927 that would be heralded coast to coast today. He went to the United States to coach football! He was called upon by Rutgers University to teach the principles of the lateral pass, which was just starting to make its appearance in American

football. He coached at Rutgers for two seasons.

If there was one professional game at which he didn't excel it was baseball, and then only because he hadn't played the game for two years when the Toronto Maple Leafs signed him to an International League contract in 1926, the year the Leafs, with Carl Hubbell as one of their pitchers, won the Little World Series. Lionel was used mostly as a pinch-hitter. Nat Turofsky, the sports photographer, told me once that he'd asked the Leaf manager, Dan Howley,



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how good a ball player Lionel was.

Howley looked out toward the outfield where Lionel was shagging flies, and replied dryly, "When he's in right field he ought to wear a mask."

Lionel never lost his interest in sports, and was even playing hockey for the Toronto Old Timers when he'd passed fifty. I played with the Old Timers, too, and so did my old Kid Line team mates on the Maple Leafs, Joe Primeau and Bush-er Jackson, along with former NHL stars like Cy Wentworth, Lorn Duguid, Roy Worters, Nels Stewart, Turk Broda and

others. We played eight or ten games a winter, traveling around southern and eastern Ontario and playing benefit games for the Crippled Children's Fund or a service-club charity. In four years from January 1951, we raised more than \$100,000 and none of the players, of course, got any money. Lionel was in Ottawa then, representing the Toronto Trinity riding for which he'd been elected to parliament in June 1949 and again in August 1953, but even when the House was in session he'd drive over winter roads to Kingston or Oshawa or Toronto

or wherever we were playing to pull on his pads and his skates and play with us.

In fact, it was sports that got Lionel interested in politics. The idea of government aid to community parks in the poorer districts of Toronto prompted him to run for the Ontario legislature in 1937 when he was elected for Toronto Bracadale riding, the very section in which he'd grown up. He defeated Russell Nesbitt, who'd been the Conservative member for fourteen years. Through all his political life, including federal politics when he defeated Tim Buck in the Trin-

ity riding of Toronto in 1949, Lionel was a backbencher who concentrated on his own riding.

He set up an office over a service station he operated at the corner of Scollard Avenue and Davenport Road, and put my sister Nora in there to look after the complaints of people in the riding. Bracadale is a provincial riding which, combined with the provincial riding of Bellwoods, forms the federal constituency of Trinity, so that in all of his years in politics Lionel was dealing with people of the same district, and they got to know that they could take their problems to the office over the service station.

Once, Nora learned that a woman who'd visited her a few times had lost her husband. Lionel found out the name of the undertaker and quietly told him that he'd look after the funeral expenses. A federal member of parliament, James Rooney, who operated a fuel-oil business in Toronto, has told me that Lionel picked up the fuel bills each month for numerous poor families in his riding.

One time a Chinese came to the service station to tell Nora that he had two sons and a sister in Hong Kong who were unable to come to Canada because immigration authorities claimed that one of the boys was tubercular. The man claimed that his sister had written him that it was a case of mistaken identity, that the boy had been checked and cleared by his own doctor, but that the immigration people had refused to re-open the case.

A few months later, the man returned to the service station, accompanied by a woman and two younger men. These, he told Nora, were his sister and his two sons. He was eternally grateful, he said, to Mr. Conacher who had instituted an investigation in Ottawa.

These things were not uncommon. Nora still keeps a huge stack of letters from people in the Trinity riding, thanking Lionel for various things he was able to do for them.

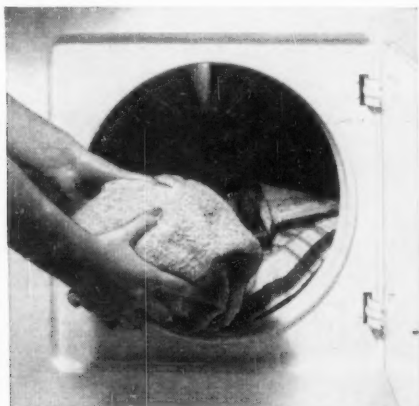
I'm not trying to make any particular case for Lionel as an MP; those things were part of his job. But I have been trying to show the kind of man it was who helped the Conachers find a place for themselves in the world.

Right to the day he died, Lionel was still the kid who told his father he could do it. At the age of fifty-four he drove from Toronto to Ottawa to participate in the annual softball game between the members of parliament and the parliamentary press gallery. It was two days after his birthday, the evening of May 26, 1954.

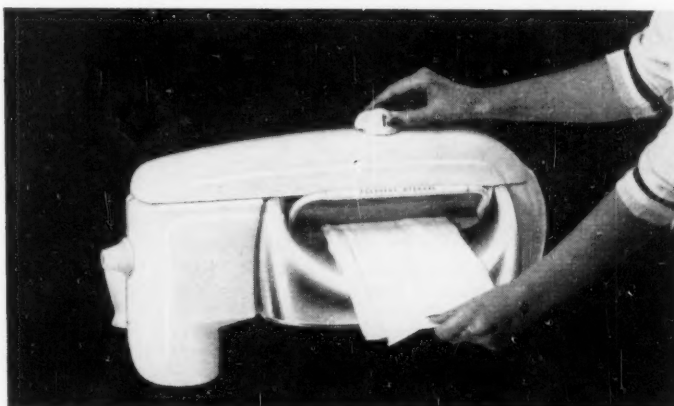
He played second base for the MPs. Bucko McDonald, a former Leaf defenseman, was the first baseman, Donald Fleming, a recent candidate for leadership of the Conservative Party, was the shortstop, and Lester (Mike) Pearson, the minister of external affairs, was the third baseman. In the second inning Lionel hit a single, which he stretched into a triple, knowing from his long years as an athlete that the inexperienced press gallery outfielder would throw to the wrong base. As he fled from second to third, a belated throw struck him on the head, but he slid safely into third base.

In the sixth inning he lofted a fly into left field, scoring Bucko McDonald with the MPs' thirteenth run. Breathing heavily while an outfielder retrieved the ball he raced into third base. Then, suddenly, standing on third, he toppled to the ground, bleeding from the mouth. Twenty minutes later he was dead. ★

In the next issue Charlie Conacher tells what made the Kid Line, on which he played for Toronto Maple Leafs, one of the greatest scoring units in hockey history.



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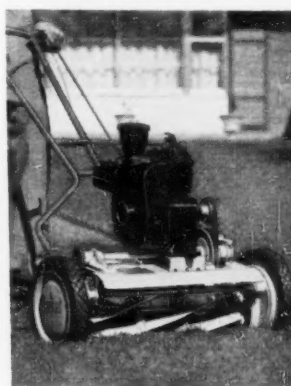
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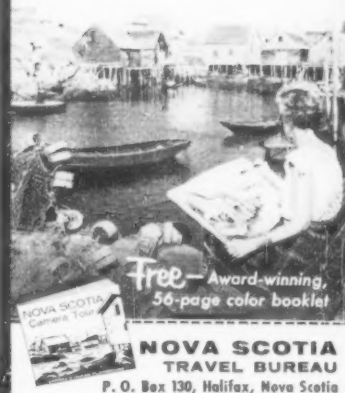
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She sells glamour with a growl continued from page 15

"She's a rude witch," said one critic. "I'm frank," replied Farrar

paid twelve dollars for these feathers, so I'm going to wear them. Isn't that crazy?"

Women who won't depart from fashion irritate her. A customer who comes to Farrar for a green dress because the fashion editors say green is the color for spring is apt to emerge with a pink dress instead. "You're too sallow for green," Farrar tells her. "Besides, why wear a dress just like everybody else's? What are you, a sheep?"

A U.S. magazine, referring to her outspokenness, recently termed Farrar "a rude witch." Lillian, whose brusqueness hides her sensitiveness, was offended. "When you feel responsible for your customers' appearance, you've got to be frank," she says.

When a tall young woman expressed a hankering for a yellow-and-grey dress, Farrar told her bluntly. "Certainly not! You'd look like a flag!" On the other hand, when one young customer came in after a miserable pregnancy to order a plain black frock, Farrar persuaded her to buy a red one. "You've had enough plain clothes for a while," she told her.

Husbands, in spite of the stiff prices demanded of them, are Farrar's staunchest allies.

"Men have better taste than women," she says. "They hate bows and buttons and gewgaws. They know a good dress when they see one."

Once, when she sold a taffeta dress to a woman who objected that she never wore taffeta, her husband sent Farrar an orchid with his cheque, and a note that said, "Thanks! She looks ten years younger and twice as pretty."

Farrar has few male customers, but recalls one important man who brought her his problem. Jean Desy, later Canada's ambassador to Brazil, was having trouble during World War II finding pyjamas to his size and taste, until he thought of bringing several yards of air-force blue and maroon material to Farrar, his wife's couturier. He wanted three pairs of pyjamas, he told her, with the stripes running horizontal. Desy is not a tall man, and Farrar refused to clothe him in horizontal stripes. "With your height you'd look *pomme de pomme* (like one apple on top of another apple)," she told him. Desy accepted the verdict and his pyjamas were made with the stripes running vertical.

Rank and position impress Farrar as little as some of her customers' bulging pocketbooks. "She's rich but I don't like her," is her frequent over-the-shoulder comment on some new customer in the waiting room.

She is similarly unimpressed by the art-for-art's-sake approach of some of her contemporaries. Talking like this is all very well if you're not hungry, she says. As for herself, "I could have starved in the gutter for art's sake and who'd have cared?"

The possibility of Farrar starving seems extremely remote today, from even a casual look at her luxurious establishment. Deep green carpet stretches from wall to wall in her two downstairs rooms, oval mirrors hang on pale-grey walls, and white-shaded lamps shine gently on dark polished tables. Above the mantel hangs a gold-framed painting of the couturier herself, soft grey curtains hang from floor to ceiling, and an elaborately carved Chinese chair decorates one cor-

ner, an enterprising customer having smuggled it out of her husband's den and traded it to Farrar on a dress. Carpeted stairs lead to the upper floors, where busy seamstresses sit at their machines, under the eye of Mme. Brosseau, the head operator, who has been with Farrar for seven years. Norman Watanabe, a Vancouver-born cutter, has his workroom down the hall.

Farrar's day begins about ten a.m., when she hurries up the circular staircase of her salon on Peel Street. The door is opened for her by Nini (Mrs. Eugenie Dubé), a former school friend whose duties include looking after the books, making appointments, serving coffee, listening to customers' small talk and soothing ruffled feelings.

After a small conference with Nini and a glance at her mail, she goes upstairs to Norman's domain. Cutting fascinates her. Once a customer ordered a coat of a special black jaquard, and when the time came to cut it a yard and a half of the material was mysteriously missing. Farrar snipped out a long extra-slim skirt, made a tricky alteration in the shoulder and produced an original "creation" that delighted her customer.

After checking with Norman she makes for the third floor to see how the seamstresses are doing. Usually they have small problems: a pair of cuffs won't behave—Farrar takes her scissors and hacks five inches off the sleeve; the

cuffs are pinned back on, a perfect fit. A collar won't lie flat—Farrar takes a nip here and tuck there and the trouble vanishes. Somebody wants to know how much braid to put on the pockets of a cocktail dress—Farrar picks up the braid, tries it, shudders in distaste and finally discards it. "There's beautiful material in that dress," she says. "Let's leave it alone."

Material she loves most of all. She has an almost mystic approach to wool and silk. She was honored when manufacturers asked her to design the first Canadian dress in Terylene, but admits that synthetics don't excite her. She stocks bolts of imported wool, silk, cotton, lace, and gold and silver lame, but no synthetics. She says, "Wool is the coat of a living animal. Silk is the fine thread a little worm winds around its own body. You can't replace the real thing, kid!"

It's her opinion that no fabric goes out of style if it's used right. Although she tries to buy just enough to last for twelve months, her shelves still hold materials she bought six years ago. "I must make something lovely out of that blue wool (or pink silk or white lace)," she'll call out to Nini as she glances over her stock.

"Making something lovely" is Farrar's privilege between the hours of eleven and one, when customers' appointments begin. These are the two hours she looks for-

My most memorable meal: No. 18

Dr. Charles H. Best

tells about



Chowder to Cheddar at 'Quoddy

I have eaten delicious and unusual meals in many parts of the world, but outstanding among them is a special one I have eaten many times in an atmosphere that is always memorable.

The meal I am about to describe is eaten on the beach of Passamaquoddy Bay at half tide, on a clear, late September evening beside a towering driftwood bonfire. On such occasions we usually start with clams, which we have dug earlier in the day, at low tide. These are steamed in seaweed and, to our family, it would be difficult to imagine anything more delicious as an hors d'œuvre than these small clams eaten with melted butter and vinegar — about two dozen per person.

The clams are followed by a steaming fish chowder (which I modestly claim as my own special-

ty). This is made with fresh haddock fillets from the bay, potatoes, onions, a little salt pork (these are usually combined the night before) and milk which is added just before serving. Just short of the boil, the chowder is served in bowls to each of which a little butter has been added. Pilot biscuits may be passed around—but the chowder is a meal in itself.

Even so, we usually look forward to the green-apple pie (made by a family expert) topped with a piece of old Canadian Cheddar which is our next course.

The coffee is always made in open kettles over the fire and we are glad to sink back with our pottery mugs full to the brim with a satisfying brew to which salt spray and bits of charred driftwood have added a wonderful but indescribable flavor.

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...twice as many as today. Where will Canada find the
roads to carry the traffic?*



Today, experts agree that Canada's roads are inadequate to handle its three million automobiles and almost a million trucks. What will the situation be in 1975—with *twice as many cars and trucks and three times as much traffic* because of increased use per vehicle?

Plainly, unless more and better roads are built to handle this traffic, the nation faces a growing loss of lives, time and money.

This immense problem is being faced at all levels of government—federal, provincial and municipal. A record sum of more than \$700 million is being spent during 1956-57 on Canada's roads, \$528 million of it by the provinces. An early completion of the Trans-Canada Highway is an important concern in several of them. Apart from this, each province faces urgent needs.

Here is a summary showing the current budget estimate, plans and problems of each:



ALBERTA—\$54,601,000. Rapid progress is being made toward a comprehensive network of hard-surfaced roads linking all important urban areas, farm regions and tourist resorts. A program for four-lane, divided highways is being given increasing prominence.



BRITISH COLUMBIA—\$77,975,000. This is double last year's budget. In addition, a pioneering project under way is the construction of a four-lane tunnel under the Fraser River at Vancouver. When completed, in three years, it will be the first tunnel of its kind in North America.



MANITOBA—\$21,153,000. An important concern in coming years will be to extend roads into established production areas. Equally vital to Manitoba's continued progress will be the construction of development roads in areas of great potential natural resources.



NEW BRUNSWICK—\$17,505,000. An extensive program of bridge-building has high priority in this maritime province. In addition, a program of hard-surfacing includes work in every county.



NEWFOUNDLAND—\$12,819,000. Every year a considerable amount is spent on road improvement, but for the next few years the emphasis will be on the construction of roads into relatively undeveloped regions.



NOVA SCOTIA—\$24,400,000. Most of this budget will be used to maintain 15,000 miles of provincial roads. There will, however, be continued concentration on new bridges and sections of highway adjacent to them.



ONTARIO—\$207,000,000. Growing cities, growing population and growing use of motor vehicles are putting great pressure on Ontario's highways. Recently, the legislature's Toll Roads Committee estimated that \$1½ billion would be necessary to bring the highway system up to what it termed "adequate" standards.



PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND—\$3,321,000. Naturally small, the budget changes little as the province continues its long-term building program.



QUEBEC—\$87,184,000. Traffic congestion caused by Montreal's island location is the big problem. Eight bridges strain to serve its needs—but do not succeed. It has been estimated that \$245 million must be spent for new bridges and a network of expressways to serve this growing metropolis and its environs.



SASKATCHEWAN—\$22,171,000. A record-breaking budget for the Wheat Province foreshadows increasing expenditures in the future. Current plans are to spend \$100 million on highways in the next four years.

This brief outline shows clearly that Canada is keenly aware of its roads problem and is attacking it vigorously. It shows, too, how much remains to be done.

How can you help? By supporting organizations working for better and safer roads. By letting your legislators know that you favor programs for road improvement.

Remember, good roads *save* far more than they cost—in lives, time and money.

Caterpillar Tractor Co. . . . Dealers in Canada:

ALBERTA, Union Tractor Ltd., Calgary; **BRITISH COLUMBIA**, Finning Tractor & Equipment Co., Ltd., Vancouver; **MANITOBA**, Powell Equipment Co., Ltd., Winnipeg; **NEW BRUNSWICK**, Tractors & Equipment, Ltd., Fredericton; **NEWFOUNDLAND**, Newfoundland Tractor & Equipment Company, Limited, St. John's; **NOVA SCOTIA**, Wm. Stairs, Son & Morrow, Limited, Halifax; **ONTARIO**, Geo. W. Crothers Limited, Leaside, Toronto; **PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND**, A. Dickard Machinery, Ltd., Charlottetown; **QUEBEC**, Hewitt Equipment Limited, Montreal; **SASKATCHEWAN**, Kramer Tractor Company, Ltd., Regina.

CATERPILLAR

Registered Trade Mark

BETTER ROADS
FOR A GREATER CANADA

From Scotland every precious drop...

Discerning hosts can offer their guests no better drink than Scotch Whisky — especially when it's "Black & White". This fine Scotch has a smooth mellow flavor and extra quality all its own.



The Secret is in the Blending 'BLACK & WHITE' SCOTCH WHISKY BUCHANAN'S



Distilled, blended
and bottled
in Scotland

Available in various bottle sizes

By Appointment
to Her Majesty the Queen



Scotch Whisky Distillers
James Buchanan & Co. Ltd.

ward to. She'll take a bolt of material into the big empty room she calls her "snake pit," toss it onto a table, and grab up her sketchbook. She's never had an art lesson, but designing comes naturally to her. "I can't explain it but I can draw it," she frequently apologizes. She finds it easy to harmonize color and texture with design.

"Materials tell me stories," she shrugs. "Once I bought a gold sari from a Hindu. It told me to make it into a torso dress. I did, and it was beautiful. I bet I could make something interesting out of oilcloth, if I had to."

Once a woman turned up with a gold bracelet which her husband had had soldered onto her arm. She wanted a dress to go with the bracelet. Farrar came up with a sleeveless sheath in champagne velvet with a hood bordered in silk and nothing but one big gold buckle for ornament.

A couple of years ago a very bleached blonde came to the shop and offered her savings of two hundred dollars if Farrar would turn her into a lady for the week end. A man she'd fallen in love with had invited her to Chicago, and she wanted to look nice for him.

Nini recalls, "Lillian was fascinated with the possibilities. She outfitted that girl with a skirt and blouses and a simple sort of dress, and a coat. She must have given her four hundred dollars' worth of stuff. She made her buy plain black pumps, and plain gloves and a good purse, and sent her to her own hairdresser to tone down her hair. You wouldn't have known it was the same girl when we finished with her. She phoned the next week to say thank you, but we never saw her again."

Seeing women properly dressed gratifies Farrar, but her real pleasure is to spend a morning alone in the snake pit with sketchbook and pencil. She claims she can turn out an original design in two minutes flat. "Lots of people take a designing course and get nowhere," she says. "I bet I could take a factory-designed dress that wasn't moving and repropportion it so it would sell like hot cakes."

Marvin Borkofsky, a salesman of imported wools, believes Farrar could do anything she set her mind to. After knowing her for several years, he's learned, for instance, that the surest way to lose a sale is to tell her a material is all the rage. If other couturiers are fighting for it, Lillian wouldn't take it for nothing. On the other hand, she's likely to grab something nobody else has any use for, like the thick bolt of bright-yellow cashmere she coaxed from him one day because, as she exclaimed in excitement, "It will make a big crazy coat with the belt in the wrong place." When the citizens of Campbellford, Ontario, wished to present a warm coat to Princess Elizabeth for her Laurentian week end, and the mayor commissioned Farrar to design it, the yellow cashmere turned out to be just the thing. Fourteen yards of material went into a dramatic coat wrapped in two Union Jacks and presented to Her Royal Highness.

Wherever she goes, Farrar is on the lookout for new material. Last summer, when she went to Italy, she made a special trip to Florence because somebody told her the nuns there made a certain kind of hand-embroidered linen.

Farrar's customers include a cross section of wealthy society figures, prosperous doctors' and lawyers' wives who entertain a lot, and more than a sprinkling of radio and television personalities, who admire her forthright personality as much as her dresses.

A busy young actress like Marjolaine Hebert of Pantomime Quiz, who bought

her first Farrar dress in 1951, may have upward of forty Farrar models in her closet. Last year, when she was injured in an automobile accident, Miss Hebert came straight from the hospital to her couturier, eager for new dresses to boost her sagging morale.

When Nini ushers in a new customer, Farrar looks her up and down eagerly. Some women have "personality quirks that need bringing out." These are the ones she likes to work with. As the customer chatters away, she notes the hat, the gloves, the shoes, the way the woman holds her purse.

Like a medical diagnostician, she notes that her patient has heavy hips but a good neck, a flat bosom but a neat waist, and short legs that will have to be concealed. She leaves the room and comes back with a dress. The new customer tries it on, admires herself in the glass, and more often than not says, "Fine, I'll take it." Farrar shakes her head, goes out and comes in with a second dress, which she drops over the customer's head, pins here and tucks there. She stands back to regard it from a distance. If she



Who is it?

He brought fame to a town where he had never lived by producing another man's wares. Turn to page 41 to see who this boy grew up to be.

doesn't like it she won't sell it to the customer—not at twice the price. If there's nothing suitable on hand, she'll design something. She estimates that nine out of ten women leave her place with a dress they didn't ask for. "That's because they asked for the wrong kind of dress," she explains. Sometimes a timid woman is afraid to buy the kind of dress Farrar prescribes for her. That's all right with her. "Don't buy it now. Go home and think it over," she advises. Invariably the timid one phones back: "I've thought it over, and I'll take it."

Fashion-conscious customers boast that Farrar's designs often foretell the fashion trend. Irene Kon, an advertising executive who is one of Farrar's admirers, says, "Lillian was turning out capes last spring and Paris didn't get around to them till summer. She was making coats and suits with low belts in the back long before Paris introduced them. And her bateau neckline anticipated the trend." Farrar says she hasn't got a spy in Paris and she isn't interested in European fashion houses.

The way she tells it, women are forever coming home from Europe with Parisian dresses they bought just because they were Parisian, and begging her to make them fit. Says Lillian, "I tell them, 'You bought it from Dior? Take it back to Dior.'"

Her talent and her cheeky independence have brought Farrar up through

B-326

AMERICAN MOTORS CHOOSES CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS



The Distinctive Rambler Custom Sedan with either V8 or 6 cylinder engine.

for the Distinctive RAMBLER

Another famous car will be equipped exclusively with Champions, and this news makes us proud at Windsor. Our plant takes a craftsman's delight—a *specialist's* delight, in making the spark plug that does the best job for both motorists and car makers.

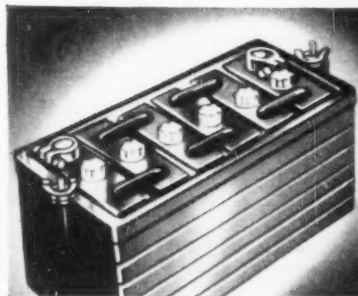
And by best job, Champions mean you start every time, get full power and better gas mileage. Be sure *you* get Champion Spark Plugs. They're better by far for *every* car!



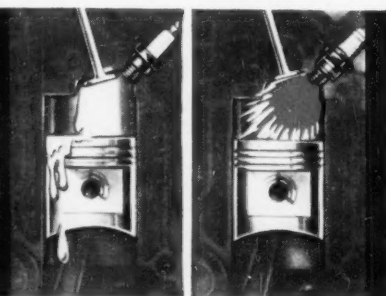
"In building our Rambler we are engaged in a constant search for high quality components. We have chosen Champion Spark Plugs because of their recognized reputation of performance and dependability in the automotive field.

"Our Nash and Hudson dealers share our enthusiasm in this choice." Robert J. Orr, Vice-President, American Motors Sales of Canada Limited, Toronto.

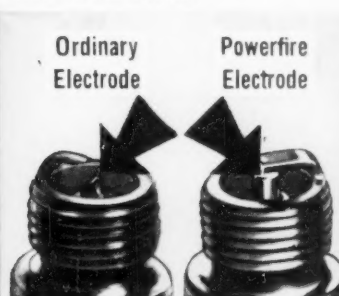
CHAMPIONS CAN HELP YOUR CAR'S PERFORMANCE AND ECONOMY



1 Quicker starts—New 5-rib Champions cut starting time 39% on the average—in tests with cars whose plugs had gone about 10,000 miles. Exclusive 5-rib insulator cuts flashover . . . saves battery and fuel.



2 Better engine protection—When old plugs misfire (left), raw fuel drains into the crankcase . . . dilutes engine oil. New full-firing Champions (right) protect oil from dilution . . . save costly repairs.



3 Lower cost-per-mile—Photo above shows that great new Champion Powerfire electrode stands up better than ordinary types under identical use. You get top power and gasoline economy for life of plug.



CHAMPION

LOOK FOR THE 5 RIBS

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO



...I relined with Johns-Manville Brake Lining!"

For safety's sake, have your brakes inspected regularly. When they need relining insist upon quality Johns-Manville Asbestos Brake Sets. Then you can be sure of dependable high-speed control and safe, straightline stops.

Using selected grades of asbestos fibre, Johns-Manville produces linings that are precision-made for long

life. They are not affected by temperature changes or moisture conditions. Your serviceman can get J-M Linings especially designed to fit your car, including the newly developed PB Sets that are power-built for power brakes. See him soon!

Canadian Johns-Manville, 565 Lakeshore Road East, Port Credit, Ont.



Johns-Manville
The Oldest Name in Brake Lining

T-2043

the garment trade of St. Lawrence Boulevard to where she is today. She was born in Iberville, a small town twenty-five miles from Montreal, one of six children of George Farrar, a needlework designer who ran a mail-order business and saw his designs printed in the old Family Herald and Weekly Star. Papa Farrar was poor but creative. When his English car (one of the first in the province) refused to run, he pushed it up on the front lawn, shoved a mattress in it and flower boxes around it, and was all ready for overnight guests. Lillian believes she inherited her feeling and love for good materials from her father. At twelve, she designed a crepe-paper butterfly costume that won first prize at a masquerade. At fifteen she was buying her own sewing machine on installments by doing the neighbors' sewing. At eighteen, consumed with a desire to "be somebody," she left home and went to Montreal.

Blouses for business girls

Of the next two miserable years she says only, "Everything they say about the garment industry is true."

She offered a pattern maker \$150 in installments if he would teach her the rudiments, and with \$300 she had saved up she rented a little room on St. Joseph Boulevard. Customers undressed behind a screen, and her first "collection" consisted of dresses made of four dollars' worth of materials, to sell for \$10.95. "If I sold three a day I thought I was wonderful," she recalls.

At the end of two years she moved to a larger room, and after that to a suite in the Ritz Carlton. In 1946 she rented her present salon on Peel Street, where she sold twenty-dollar blouses and thirty-five-dollar skirts to business girls eager

to dress well on a small salary. Soon she was branching out into cocktail dresses and evening gowns.

By 1951, when the landlord put the building up for sale, she had saved fifteen thousand dollars. She borrowed ten thousand from the bank and collected another ten thousand on a mortgage. The remaining thirty-five thousand she contracted to pay within five years. Last spring she made her final payment and the building was hers.

From St. Lawrence Boulevard to the Ritz Carlton is no small jump, and Farrar isn't sure where she goes from here. "I wish I was an immigrant just off the boat. I'd show them," she told a friend not long ago, in the wistful voice of an Alexander with few more worlds to conquer.

Should she cut down her business and go in for art with a capital "A"? Making "creations" that nobody will buy doesn't appeal to her. Worse still is the thought that somebody might buy them.

She says, "I've seen people going to important soirees looking like damfool lampshades. Their friends could tell them they look awful, but they won't, and because they paid six hundred for the dress they're satisfied, even if they look like . . ." (Farrar draws a picture of a dress that looks like a lampshade, and scribbles "hell" all over it).

"Come to think of it"—and she grins wickedly—"one of these days I think I'll put on a fashion show of my own. It will be full of wacky costumes. I'll have a dress with a leopard top and a chiffon skirt, and one with a velvet bodice and lizard pants, and there'll be evening dresses with rhinestone straps that can't be cleaned, and skirts that cost a fortune and nobody can sit down in. People are so crazy. I wouldn't be surprised if someone didn't buy them!" ★



We can't fight without a merchant navy

Continued from page 26

"Ottawa spent eleven million dollars to build a ferry — then found she didn't fit her harbor"

decided to send a force to Hong Kong, we owned no ships to lift it. We chartered a British liner, the Awatea, to carry the troops, and after a long delay we secured a much slower American freighter, the Don José, to take the expedition's vehicles. The Don José never did get to Hong Kong. Being of American registry, she was ordered into a Philippines port by the U.S. Navy, and Brigadier J. K. Lawson's valiant soldiers fought their bitter battle without any of their motor transport at all.

The only really notable venture that our government has made into the shipping business these past ten years has been the construction of the Newfoundland ferry William Carson. Robinson Crusoe built a boat, and then couldn't get it into the water. The Department of Transport built the William Carson for eleven million dollars, and couldn't get her into her harbor. Several years later, and several more millions worse off, they still can't get her into her harbor. It would not be far wrong to say that she typifies the way our merchant-shipping industry has been kicked around.

Canadians depend heavily on sea

transport for their high standard of living, but few understand this since they rarely see the ships that serve them. Our record of maintaining a merchant marine appropriate to our national status and adequate for our needs is a poor one. Since Confederation we have had three merchant fleets and we have lost them all.

Our first fleet was established in the days of wooden sailing ships, and disappeared about sixty years or more ago. It had not been kept up to a level of efficiency, in ships and methods, that could compete with the merchant ships of other lands. Its operators clung woodenly to sail while others turned to steam. In the end they were forced to furl their sails forever.

When the sinister danger of submarine warfare emerged during World War I we went into the shipping business as a public-owned undertaking, and created the Canadian Government Merchant Marine. It was then discovered that such a project cannot be developed overnight and, not surprisingly, that the war was over before any Canadian merchant ships were at sea.

Like its predecessor, this nationally owned merchant fleet failed to meet the improving standards and wasted away until, for all practical purposes, no deep-sea merchant marine existed when war came again in 1939. This country had then less than a quarter of a million tons all told.

Before World War II was well started the submarine made itself felt once more, deadlier than ever. It soon became clear that British shipyards would be incapable of replacing the losses. Year after year the merciless, relentless Battle of the Atlantic went on, right up to the day of the German surrender. In these days of nuclear bombs we are prone to forget the submarine; it came close to beating us more than once.

In April 1941, after eighteen months of deliberation and procrastination, a Canadian crown company was set up to start building ships. It was then decided that it would be a sound idea to keep some of these new ships under our own control, so in March 1942 the Park Steamship Company was organized. It did not operate any ships itself, but allocated them to private interests under a sort of rental arrangement.

We learned the hard way

The first ship produced under this scheme went into operation in the spring of 1942, and the last one was completed one month after the Japanese surrendered in 1945. Once again we had learned the hard way that a merchant marine cannot be bought in some local supermarket. We had been at war almost three years before any of these ships were carrying cargo, and four years before they were playing an effective part. At that, we could not man them, but had to borrow officers and crews from Great Britain. Some of these crews came from the bottom dregs of British marine manpower, and became easy marks for Communist propaganda.

After the war a new plan was adopted to establish a peacetime merchant fleet. The government had had enough of the business of running deep-sea shipping, and set about disposing of its Park ships with all convenient speed, the idea being to sell as many as possible to Canadian companies under a special formula. This allowed purchasers to defer payment if they agreed to operate the vessels indefinitely under Canadian registry. In all, two hundred and fifteen of the ships were bought by Canadians, of which one hundred and fifty-seven came under the formula.

Besides giving us a sizable postwar merchant marine, the scheme proved quite profitable to the treasury. In April 1947 the minister of trade and commerce felt entitled to suggest, "The government can look with some satisfaction upon its shipbuilding, ship-operating, and ship-disposal policies during the past seven years."

When the government hatched this enterprise one of the impelling motives was defense. In assisting at the birth of

the Canadian Maritime Commission in 1947 the minister of trade and commerce said that its function would be to help the shipping and shipbuilding industries to keep healthy and efficient. This, he said, was important from a defense viewpoint, for "a merchant navy is a definite part of a nation's defensive armory." The prime minister himself later remarked that the importance of a merchant marine to national security is one of the valid reasons for maintaining it.

In spite of these official pronouncements the public showed little interest in

the venture, and as time went on ministers conveniently forgot the defense implications. Some influential commercial interests evinced actual opposition to the whole plan. For instance, in May 1944 a committee that had been set up by the Montreal Board of Trade to examine the matter argued forcibly in its report that a merchant marine would need heavy subsidies. They could see no sense in such an expense, because, they said, "An opportunity of carrying our exports in their own ships is appreciated by a great many important nations, thus

constituting an important selling factor.

"It is also the case"—went on these businessmen—"that a Canadian merchant marine would chiefly displace the shipping services of Great Britain, our largest overseas customer."

This committee was reporting in the midst of the biggest war in history, at a time when we were feverishly building ships to replace sunken tonnage. Yet not a solitary word did they have about the defense aspects of a merchant marine. Defense considerations to them were obviously thought to be a temporary nuis-

PRIDE OF CANADA'S WATERWAYS

35 H.P.
The GOLDEN JAVELIN

35 H.P.
ELECTRIC-STARTING
AND
STANDARD
MODELS

18 H.P.
ELECTRIC-STARTING
AND
STANDARD
MODELS

10 H.P.
MODEL

7 1/2 H.P.
and 5 1/2 H.P.
MODELS

3 H.P.
MODEL

"We're getting the most out of Summer with our **Johnson** outboard motor!"

Sunny days and inviting waters—
what a wonderful world of relaxing fun opens to
the whole family with a Johnson Sea-horse
outboard motor! To fish? . . . a lazy cruise? . . .
a beach picnic? . . . the exhilaration of waterskiing . . .
of splitting the breeze at breathtaking speed?
They are all yours with a Johnson Sea-horse—
yours and awaiting! With the choice of
nine dependable models, from 3 to 35 H.P. you can have
the perfect motor for any enjoyment afloat.

The simplicity of control of the new Johnson line makes every trip
pure pleasure! 12 volt electric-starting . . . full gearshift . . . steering
wheel drive . . . sound soothing Suspension Drive . . . new slip
clutch and fish-line cutter on every model . . . all are available
in the '57 Johnson line. Generator optional for 35 H.P. electric-
starting models.

Write for free literature and your copy of the new
"Handbook for Weekend Skippers".

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MOTORS

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Division of Outboard Marine Corporation of Canada Ltd. also manu-
facturers of Lawn-Boy and Lawn-Cruiser power mowers, Snow-Boy
and Snow-Cruiser snow blowers, and Iron-Horse gasoline engines.
Subsidiary: "I.E.L. Pioneer" Chain Saws, Vancouver, B.C.

Most Johnson Dealers have a convenient Time Payment Plan to let you enjoy outboarding fun now. See yours for particulars, he's listed under "Outboard Motors" in your phone directory.

All ratings are SAE brake horsepower certified by O.B.C.

MADE IN CANADA

Coast to coast Sales and Service for over a quarter of a Century

Answer

to Who is it? on page 38

Tyrone Guthrie, who helped attract international attention to Stratford, Ont., as director of the Shakespeare festival.

ance that would somehow vanish with victory, never to return.

Since then, these outdated and colonial ideas of the Montreal Board of Trade have solidified into hard government policy. A little while ago it was announced, with loud blowing of nationalistic horns, that Canada has decided to dredge her own ship channel on her own side of the St. Lawrence Seaway. This is a great and worthy project of national importance. It certainly rates something other than the curious excuse that was advanced to justify it by an anonymous

"high Ottawa authority," who stated that the channel will be excavated "in order that low-cost foreign shipping can compete economically on the Great Lakes." This is like building a railway, then letting others run the trains on it.

For the first couple of years after the war our shipping business was brisk and profitable, but the circumstances were artificial and temporary. In the longer run the gloomy forecasts about the financial prospects of an unsubsidized merchant fleet proved accurate, and ours found itself in ever-increasing trouble.

A dispassionate observer of Canadian affairs might surely wonder why this particular business, despite its basic importance to our national safety, has always been left out from under our national tariff blanket, and has been allowed to fend for itself in a world of fierce competition. The inevitable result is that it has been unable to survive, and during the past few years has wasted away to the vanishing point in the frozen wind of adversity. While the rest of Canada booms as never before, our merchant marine has virtually disappeared.

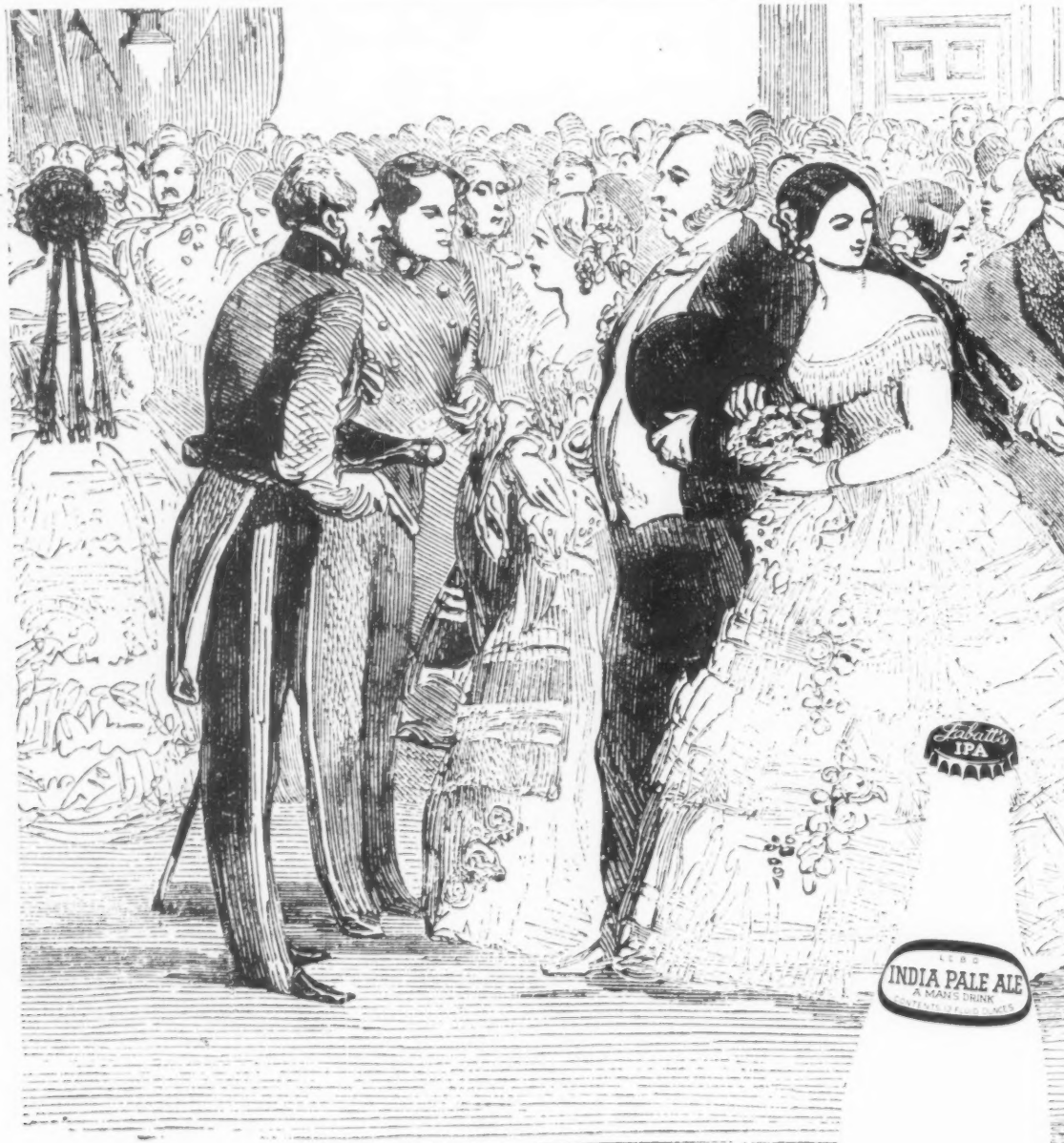
The main reasons for this are quite simple: they lie in the high labor costs of operating Canadian ships, and in the correspondingly swollen price of replacing old ships by new construction in Canadian shipyards. The Canadian workman is rightly accustomed to big wages and a decent living standard. He will not work for a merchant marine, or a shipyard, that cannot offer him a position in life comparable to what he can earn in other branches of industry. There is no known reason why he should.

Accordingly, to operate a ten-thousand-ton freighter on Canadian registry, with a Canadian crew, costs just about a hundred thousand dollars a year more than it does to run the same ship on United Kingdom registry. The differential is even greater in the case of ships operating on the registries of certain other countries. It needs little mental effort to deduce that a Canadian owner who tries to keep ships afloat under such adverse conditions is likely to end up quite soon in bankruptcy, unless he gets some sort of assistance.

By the middle of 1956 there remained on Canadian registry, under Canadian management, exactly eighteen dry-cargo, ocean-going vessels. Eight of them form the remnant of the old Canadian National Steamship fleet trading with the West Indies. Of the others, all but a couple are small, and mainly engaged in coastal trade. One sails around in the Mediterranean, with an Italian crew, and never comes home to a Canadian port.

We have left no effective merchant marine whatever, either for our trade in peace, or for our needs, however desperate, in war. Of our vast transoceanic trade in 1955, Canadian ships carried less than three percent.

Moreover, unless we do something about this, our merchant fleet will be followed into oblivion by our shipbuilding industry as soon as the present program of naval construction is finished in a couple of years. We shall then be



"LET US SEEK SOME REFRESHMENT"

1ST. MILITARY GENT: For my part I own, ma'am, that a copious draught of Mr. Labatt's India Pale Ale would not come amiss.

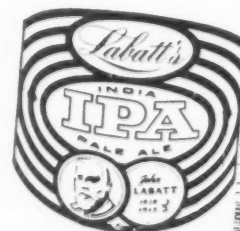
LADY: Is India Pale Ale, then, such a favourite with the military?

2ND. MILITARY GENT: With *all* men, ma'am. Mr. Labatt has succeeded in imparting such a robust quality to his ale that he would be a weakling, indeed, who did not prefer it above all others.

1ST. MILITARY GENT: One can discern a man's character by his tastes, ma'am. Show me a man whose habit it is to drink India Pale Ale at all times, and I will show you the very essence of masculinity.

LADY: This ale must be a veritable elixir. Would it be unmaidenly of me to venture upon a glass?

BOTH MILITARY GENTS: Indeed no, ma'am. (Raising their voices) Ho there! Three India Pale Ales.



MR. LABATT BEGAN BREWING **IPA** FOR MEN IN 1828

Tall tales

by
short little boys

"My dad's stronger than yours!

He could bend Time
Around a corner, and make it Tomorrow

If he wanted to,

Or twist and pull it

All the way back to Yesterday!"

"My father's bravest in the world!

He could climb

Jack's Beanstalk to the top,

And push his shoulders through

A cloud, and march straight on

To the castle, and slay

The giant ogre there, as *easy*...

If he happened to feel

Like it!"

"And my father

Could yank up a whole brook,

And throw it into the sea,

Bullfrogs and all!"

"And if my dad caught a 'normous whale,

He could reel

The monster in like a minnow!"

"My father wrote a book—"

"Hey... here comes Danny,

Let's play ball!"

MARTHA BANNING THOMAS

where we were in 1939, with neither ships nor shipyards.

It is also worth observing that the confident prediction of its opponents that a subsidized merchant marine would displace the shipping services of Great Britain has proven to have neither substance nor validity. What has happened is that British shipping has been steadily replaced anyway by more cheaply operated foreign shipping. Ten years ago British ships were carrying nearly one half of our foreign trade, but their slice has now been slimmed down to less than thirty percent. Right now vessels registered either in Liberia or Panama are carrying about a quarter of our exports and imports. This seems to be the "low-cost foreign shipping" that high Ottawa authority is digging the St. Lawrence channel for. We are at liberty (as yet) to wonder if this tremendous volume of business, carried on the backs of the cheapest of cheap labor, does much good to the mass of Liberians or Panamanians.

From the viewpoint of the narrower-minded it is true enough that merchant shipping is not financially attractive business for Canada. But Canada most certainly never was built on that kind of reasoning; precisely the same thing applies to all kinds of other commercial and industrial activities. An efficient merchant marine actually is far more important to the independent nationhood we like to boast about than a lot of the enterprises that we do protect so sedulously.

What'll our escort navy escort?

In earlier and more adventurous days this country went out on a limb to build the Canadian Pacific Railway for nationalistic reasons, and since then we have never stopped extolling the wisdom and foresight of the statesmen who did it; their names are famous. For forty years we have heavily financed from the public treasury the great Canadian National Railway System, and what government would dare let it collapse? But still, we cheerfully accept a situation in which these giant transportation networks, the arteries of our life, end abruptly at sea-board.

We have a navy, and a very expensive one, designed entirely and exclusively as an antisubmarine and anti-aircraft escort force. We have just commissioned a carrier to replace the not-so-Magnificent. We have been proudly launching a whole series of submarine killers, which are packed with secret devices and come at about twenty million dollars apiece. The only function of this great force is the shepherding of merchant ships and convoys.

If there is any sense or logic in the contention that it is in our interests to leave the carrying of all our ocean trade in the hands of other nations, some of which we assuredly cannot depend upon in war, why would it not be as reasonable to argue that we should leave the guarding of the merchant ships to the people who own them? Why not just abolish the navy and save a whole lot more dollars than we do now by having no merchant navy?

We are unlikely to do anything so stupid because, in spite of our lamentable neglect and indifference, we know perfectly well that in a great war our survival is going to depend once again on the maintenance of the sea routes. But having no freighters of our own, we are going to be very unhappy, and in a very bad state indeed, if we find on the day of reckoning that we cannot get freight ships of other flags for our nicely dressed-up navy to escort.

As for the size of the subsidy that

would provide us with a decent merchant fleet, the experts are telling us that, as of now, it would amount to about ten dollars per ton of shipping per year. At that rate we could run the fleet we had in 1947, of a hundred and fifty thousand tonners, for fifteen million dollars a year. If this sounds like a lot we should remember that it is less than one single percent of the stupendous sums that we have been pouring into the bottomless pit of our defense department year after year since 1950.

I submit that the situation I have de-

scribed is one more piece of evidence that our whole present defense policy is unsound and based on fallacy. It is absurdly slanted in the direction of static air defenses, and leaves us wide open to grief and disaster in all other directions.

In this matter of shipping what are we doing? We are spending hundreds of millions every year on a navy, and on elements of our air force, to protect our ports and our shipping lanes. We lay out public funds to build docks and wharves, to dig great canals, to dredge ship channels, to erect lighthouses — all

for no other purpose than to facilitate the sea transport of the goods by which we prosper in peace and which we must have for victory in war.

With all this, so utterly negligible is our merchant marine that we could not use it to move a corporal's guard of soldiers to a danger spot abroad, but must dangerously and shamefully disarm our greatest warship to do it. This argues a degree of indifference to one obvious aspect of defense that is hardly consistent with our survival in times like these. ★



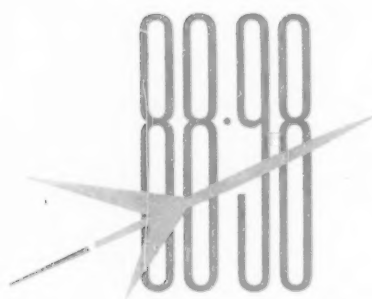
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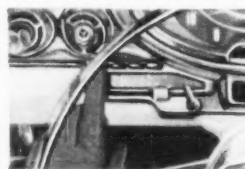


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OLDSMOBILE

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, MARCH 30, 1957



For the sake of argument continued from page 4

"Today's Canadians have advantages — they get around faster and can be rude to more people"

own countrymen. One old conservative family I know, who have been sending Canadian newspapers to their son in the U. S. for years, now just send him parts they've torn out, ripping through all the things this man wants to read—the Canadian book reviews, notices of British movies, lists of Penguin books, articles about old Yonge Street—to send him write-ups on the other side of the page about how fast Toronto is catching up with New York, advice to Go North, Young Man, and how Barrie is now in the Banana Belt.

In these days of rapid transportation, the new Canadian has advantages over his old-line American counterpart. He can get around faster and be rude to more people. And the farther away from home he is, the worse he gets. The place where I live in Florida is about as far as they can get from Canada without leaving the continent, so I'm able to see Canadians going at full throttle every winter. The Americans still haven't quite got squared around to it.

Little Canada can do anything

I don't know whether there's such a word as a Canadianophile, but if there is, I know one, a young, smart, fourth-generation American from Rhode Island who has always taken perverse delight in needling his fellow Americans about how much they can learn from their friendly neighbors, whose country he refers to with a sort of possessive pride as "Little Canada," not meaning "little" geographically (he knows more about Canada's area, population and politics than I do) but "little" economically compared to the States. He loves to tell his countrymen how the American government horsed around with the St. Lawrence Seaway until "Little Canada" just up and did it herself, and he's always baffling Americans by dropping remarks casually like "Oh, yes, Canada's been doing that since 1934." He listens to CBC on short wave, and comes over to tell me about James Bannerman's talks on Wednesday Night.

I was at a party with him a few weeks ago when he was one of two Americans among six Canadian visitors to Florida, and as the evening went on, he began doing something I'd never heard him do before: sticking up for the United States. The Canadians, with an obvious effort to be sensible and objective about the whole thing, told him that Americans had inferior politics, cheese, police, judges and beer, and that the American school system didn't teach anything about anything except the United States. They explained that that was what made American tourists so unpopular. I haven't seen my American friend since, and when I do I'm going to hide behind a sand dune.

Canadians arrive, carry their bags into the motor court, tidy up the car trunk, and start right in to debunk the whole idea that the States have anything. One Canadian girl I used to work with in Toronto looked happier every time she came back from a shopping trip to Orlando because she couldn't find the things there that she could find at Eaton's.

"What've they got?" she kept chortling

happily, not meaning Orlando, but the United States of America.

Every time an American politely asked her if it was cold in Toronto, she got red in the face and said, "Why do Americans all think Canada is centred around the north pole?" She said nobody wore winter coats in Toronto any more, that the coldest she'd ever been in her life was in New York, and why didn't Americans go up to Canada and find out what it was like for themselves.

Another girl flew down, spent three days in the Florida sun, got a tan, said triumphantly, "Well, as far as I'm concerned you can put the whole of Florida in a paper bag and drop it in the Atlantic Ocean," got on a TCA Viscount and was back in Toronto in time for work Monday morning.

Americans receive all this with polite, baffled smiles. One time I asked an American from Washington whom I've known in Florida for years how he *did* feel about Canadians. I discovered that I have a reputation with this man for being a modest, unassuming fellow. Don't ask me why, I'm just telling you, and, at the risk of appearing neither modest nor unassuming, I'll tell you exactly what he said. If my grandmother, or any of her generation of Canadians, had been alive to hear it, she would have put it down to some strange effect of sitting too long in the sun that made people see things backwards.

After a lot of hesitation, he said, "Well, to tell you the honest truth" . . . He stopped, grabbed my arm and laughed doubtfully . . . Now, I hope you don't take this wrong, but . . . well, I always tell my friends that Bob Allen is a Canadian but you'd never know it. He doesn't think he knows everything."

This man, incidentally, is no rabid pro-American. In fact he has such a leaning for things British, as many Americans I've met have, that it gets him into sharp arguments with his family, who stick up for the States, which he's going to have to start doing himself if he isn't to get snowed under by Canadians.

A lot of the new Canadian attitude, of course, is a repercussion of Canada's booming economy, which is causing a bigger breeze in Florida than the hurricanes, and recently blew open the front door of a little corner drugstore down here that is owned by a real southerner who can't stand Yankees and who says he can tell when fall and the tourist season arrives in Florida not by falling leaves but by a drop in manners. But he's always been very fond of Canadians, having a theory that you should be either very cold or very hot, and that Canadians are so far north that they're polite and courteous, like southerners.

But he has a stamp machine, which is causing him more trouble than the price of prescriptions. Every time he looks at it he wonders if he should just include Canadians with Yankees and let it go at that. People rush in for a stamp, half look at the machine, hurry back to the counter and say, "It's out of order. Give me a three-cent stamp, please." The sign on the machine does not say, "Out of Order." The owner lettered it himself



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and it just looks that way to people in a hurry. It says, "Do Not Hit," and the reason it's there is that a kindly looking little old woman from Orillia, Ontario, broke the machine. She put a 1947 octagonal Canadian nickel in it and when it didn't work she started to whack it so hard the druggist had to stop her.

"Ah've nevah seen anyone fuss like that befoh in all mah life," he said.

"Why in the world won't it work?" the little woman snapped. "That nickel is worth more than yours."

He knew this. He was told it six or

seven times a day by Canadians. But the machine was made for round nickels. He can't help it.

Across the street at the bank, Canadians are doing much the same thing, except that the bank is too big to shake, and instead of whacking it they whack a young Canadian assistant cashier I know from Ottawa who has worked here for years; but Canadians take for granted he's an American. Every time he tells Canadian customers they can't write a check on a savings account, they say, "Why not? We can in Canada!" They

criticize American currency because it's all the same color, instead of being in different colors for different denominations like Canadian money. When they get their money straightened out, they go into Daytona to shop, and the fifteen-mile drive fans the new Canadian spirit till it's glowing like an RCMP tunic by the time they're asked for their first Florida state sales tax.

A few days ago I was walking through Daytona's newest department store and heard two salesgirls talking. One asked the other, peering out over the aisle with

her arms folded the way salesgirls do when there are no customers, "How's it going, Helen?"

"Oh, f-f-f-fine!" the one called Helen said. "I started off the day with a bunch of Canadians." She turned to her friend with a puzzled look, as if trying to remember what it was she'd learned in school about taxation without representation, and said, "Don't those people pay taxes on *anything* up there?"

All of this, of course, is just a natural reaction to the new rapid growth in Canada. As a friend of mine said, "I don't blame Canadians. It's a wonderful country, and"—he grinned—"you know what we have to put up with from Texas."

I know what we have to put up with from Texas all right, and so do real Texans, and I can't think of anything further from what I want real Canadians to have to put up with. The Texans I've known have been a courtly, broad-minded editor on a major magazine; a doctor of philosophy; a pretty young mother who talks nostalgically of Texas wild flowers; and a big shy ex-oil driller who is majoring in chemistry. They all would like to get the man who invented the legendary Texan and bury him on the lone prairie.

I remember one time when I was nearing Toronto on the train from Chicago, seeing an American woman strain to get her first look of Toronto, which she evidently had visited years ago. She kept saying to her teen-age daughter, "Now, you'll see a country where people really know how to live."

Flag waving isn't progress

I hope nothing ever happens to change her mind. And it won't if it's left up to real Canadians who to me will always be people hard at work at drawing boards, draughting boards, easels, typewriters, test tubes, rock drills, flutes and pianos; trying to raise their children with a sound sense of values, conduct businesses that are based on something besides TV commercials, and build a country recognizable without the aid of sky rockets — not guys with a lot of oil, geared to noise, magnitude, rapid growth and blowing their own horns.

Flag-waving is not a sign of progress. It has nothing to do with progress. It's a revival of the old, old fault of some Canadians of imitating the States, but the worst side of the States. Real Americans never had any use for jingoism, and have still less now. The other day I was in a friend's house when someone came on TV singing one of those maudlin songs about America and my friend held his head down as if passing a little boy with a pea shooter, looked up at me sideways and said with an agonized grin: "Does this sort of thing embarrass you to death?"

I've lived in the States on and off for ten years now, and permanently for three, but Canada is still my country and I can't wait for the kids to get out of school each summer to get up there. I intend to come back next summer. But if I ever hear someone singing a song called God Bless Canada at the wrestling matches, or see a movie about Europeans starting to cry when they see the cliffs of Quebec, or somebody dressed up like an RCMP singing a song called Canadian Doodle Dandy, with Maple Leafs popping out of his ears, I won't be back till it's over over there. ★

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The wonderland of Louis B. Mayer continued from page 22

"Of course we'll have sex in motion pictures," said Mayer, "but it will be beautiful sex"

had her ups and downs in show business.

Good luck finally tapped her. In 1923 an offer came from Mayer for a six-month term, at a hundred and fifty dollars a week. Norma had no hesitation. She and her mother were off to the coast.

At the Mayer studio, a nice young man whom Norma took to be an office boy showed them down a short passage, into a small office. Only later did it dawn upon Norma that this youth was Thalberg, Mayer's associate. When they left the office later, Mrs. Shearer whispered into Norma's ear, "Wouldn't it be wonderful if you married that nice young man?"

In her first year Norma appeared in eight films. She was fired with a passion to succeed. In a little Chevrolet roadster she bought when her contract was renewed, she would drive along the Hollywood boulevards, look at the new movie mansions and dream of the day when she would have one. Her castle-building was as candid and unrestrained as a child's.

It was Thalberg, the slender boy with the dark hair, the pale complexion, the squared-off shoulders and the pipe-stem legs who came to provide the imagination and the creative impulse for the Mayer group and later the M-G-M studio. At the start he superintended the production of every picture turned out by M-G-M.

The studio's male stars already included such matinee idols as John Gilbert, Ramon Novarro and Conrad Nagel, as well as the great comic Buster Keaton. Rivaling these were the female stars—Mae Murray, Norma Shearer, Renée Adoree, Mae Busch, Hedda Hopper and many others. Mayer's notions on the feminine factor in pictures were beautifully and characteristically put in a press interview:

"Of course we shall have sex," he said. "As long as we have men and women in the world, we'll have sex. And I approve of it. We'll have sex in motion pictures, and I want it there." (This personal endorsement of the primal impulse was not a surprise to Hollywood.)

"But," Mayer carefully added, "it will be normal, real, beautiful sex—the sex that is common to the people in the audience, to me and to you. A man and a woman are in love with one another—that's sex and it's beautiful."

This, more or less, was the concept by which the studio presented its lady stars.

Somewhat above and apart from the latter, but definitely a figure in the group, was Marion Davies, whose status in the studio was very special and classified. She was the star of Cosmopolitan Pictures, one of the many cultural indulgences of William Randolph Hearst, which released its films through Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Miss Davies' transfer to Culver City from her previous area of operations in New York was an event in Hollywood society comparable to the arrival of a royal household and its queen.

Unfortunately, her films were not among the more impressive releases of the studio and this caused grumbling. Finally, at a company sales convention, the displeasure was brought to the floor when Mayer made so bold as to ask the salesmen if they had any questions.

"Why do we handle Miss Davies' pictures?" one intrepid salesman bluntly asked.

The question startled the gathering, and for a moment Mayer did not reply.

But he bravely rose to the occasion. First he mentioned the modest success of one of Miss Davies' pictures. Then he reminded his audience that the actress was the close, dear friend of Mr. Hearst, the powerful publisher whose friendship and

newspapers were of help to the studio.

"Furthermore," Mayer continued, "I would like to remind you gentlemen that Mr. Hearst is the son of that great patriot, former U. S. senator from California, the late George Hearst." And with that he

launched into an eloquent account of how George Hearst had left Missouri as a young man, made the perilous overland journey to California, opened great mining territory and contributed vastly to the building of the American west.



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"... BRAKES? SHE'LL STOP ON A DIME..."

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Test shock absorbers. Inspect suspension. Test air conditioning.

Appearance
Get rid of dents and scars. Top off finish with a good polishing job.

Lubrication
Drain crankcase, transmission and differential. Have oil replaced in accordance with manufacturer's mileage recommendations. Lubricate all chassis points and accessories. Service oil filter. Clean crankcase breather.

Cooling
Inspect and condition cooling system. Test thermostats, hoses, water pumps, fan belt and radiator. Add rust inhibitor.

Electrical
Check battery, wiring and cables. Test starter draw and generator output. Clean, test and adjust spark plugs and distributor.

Engine
Condition carburetor and air cleaner for economical summer operation. Clean fuel supply system and check for leaks.

"This," said Mayer, "is the point I wish to impress upon you gentlemen here today. We live in a land of opportunity. God bless America!"

Tears sprang to his eyes and his voice quavered, as he addressed himself directly to the salesman. "Does that answer your question?"

"It does," said the poor guy, and sat down.

A much more challenging problem inherited by Mayer and Thalberg was the production of *Ben Hur*. This vast and ambitious project was a heroic gamble started by the old Goldwyn company before the merger with Metro. No production of comparable dimensions had ever been launched. No one had dared start a picture as costly.

For years makers and promoters of pictures had been casting covetous eyes upon General Lew Wallace's bulging fable of the early Christian era. When the story was finally sold to the Goldwyn company, it agreed to pay the owners one half of all the money earned. This was, beyond any question, the most fantastic story deal ever made.

In the course of negotiations, June Mathis, who had discovered Rudolph Valentino and who was head of the sce-

the sultry vampires of motion pictures.

Brabin and Bowes left for Rome in the fall of 1923. On the ship going over they became chummy and had some stimulating talks about what they wanted to do. Brabin magnificently suggested that a reproduction of Jerusalem's Joppa Gate should be built three times as high as the original, so that the mob of people surrounding the far-off figure of Christ in the scene of His march on the road to Calvary would be dwarfed by this symbol of Rome. Bowes thought the idea terrific. This they would do. However, he firmly reminded Brabin that the budget for the picture was seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars—no more! The director was apprehensive. And he had no scenario as yet; Miss Mathis had given him nothing but an outline. He began to smell trouble ahead.

The company was finally assembled in Italy early in 1924. June Mathis went over in February. The stars, George Walsh, Francis X. Bushman, May McAvoy and Carmel Myers all arrived in the next few weeks.

Mussolini, in the first flush of his triumphs, gave orders that every assistance should be given.

While waiting for the sets and studio to be ready, Brabin went to Egypt to shoot some desert scenes. And as spring came he took his company down the coast to Anzio, the village that years later was to be the locale of one of the bloodiest beachhead struggles of World War II. Here he hoped to shoot the scenes of the battle of the Roman and pirate galleys offshore. Then it was discovered that no barges or anything that might be used to resemble galleys were available.

Just at this time, the merger of the companies occurred, and the completion of the production of *Ben Hur* became the responsibility of Metro-Goldwyn — and Mayer.

Actually, Mayer and Thalberg were dubious of the enterprise from the start. Thalberg could not see why the film should have been made in Italy. He said he could do it better and more cheaply in Hollywood. However, the New York executives were disposed to continue the production abroad.

No one knew what was going on in Italy. Thalberg, sensing a stalemate, secretly assigned two new writers, Bess Meredyth and Carey Wilson, to prepare a new scenario as soon as the merger was certain, and went into huddles with Mayer about a new director and star.

Then in June, under a veil of some mystery, a small group left for Italy. It was sensed that something important in the matter of *Ben Hur* was afoot. That the dye had been cast was fairly clear when Mayer was heard to shout as the ship pulled away from the pier, "And be sure to get plenty of camels in it! Lots of camels!"

When the party arrived in Italy, the news was broken. Fred Niblo, a Mayer man, was to replace Brabin as director. Ramon Novarro, a top Metro star, was to replace George Walsh in the title role.

June Mathis was given a graceful opportunity to withdraw. She stayed on in Rome until August to be near one of the handsome cameramen, Silvanio Balboni, with whom she was having a romance and to whom she was later married. Three years later she died from a heart attack.

Little known is the fact that Rudolph Valentino, who had died just ten months before, had been buried in a crypt in the Hollywood Cemetery which June Mathis provided for him. When she died, her body, sent from New York, was placed next to his.

Mayer went to Italy in September to

On with the show

Movies have a new invention—
Wider screens with three dimension;
And other tricks they've also found,
For brighter color, truer sound.
Producers now can make us feel
The people that we see are real,
Like living actors on a stage.
So Progress turns another page!
Excuse me though, I have to grin,
For wasn't this where we came in?

EDWARD J. WOOD

nario department of the Goldwyn company, got friendly with old Abe Erlanger, one of the owners of the *Ben Hur* property. She soon convinced him that she alone was the only screen writer who had the feeling and talent to translate the greatness and grandeur of his pet *Ben Hur*. Erlanger stipulated that the ubiquitous Miss Mathis should be in charge of the writing and production of the picture.

The assignment inspired Miss Mathis with an enthusiasm beyond any she had known. She was determined that *Ben Hur* should be the greatest and most magnificent motion picture ever made. Nothing would do, she insisted, but that it be produced in Italy, the only place where the spirit and atmosphere of the Roman Empire could be obtained. J. J. Cohn of the studio cost department was sent abroad to reconnoiter the field. He returned with a negative opinion of the practicality of shooting in Rome. However, Miss Mathis was insistent, and she transmitted her enthusiasm to the company heads. "Major" Edward Bowes, vice-president of the Goldwyn company, to whom Cohn reported, was serene.

"We can do it in Rome for six hundred thousand dollars," the always-expansive "Major" said.

"How?" enquired Cohn, a stubborn realist.

"That's the director's worry," Bowes replied.

The gentleman upon whom this worry quite unexpectedly fell was the handsome and dignified Charles Brabin, one of whose claims to renown was the fact that he was the husband of Theda Bara, the first and perhaps the most famous of all

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When Ben Hur's chariots raced, virtually every director and star in Hollywood went out to watch

give the whole Ben Hur project a look. He arrived just in time to see the filming of the big sea-battle sequence, which still remained to be done.

For the shooting of this important action, the entire production unit had been moved to Livorno, where better facilities and more extras were to be had. Extras were used by the hundreds as galley slaves and soldiers in the battle scenes.

On the day of the big enactment, which Niblo had determined to shoot several thousand yards offshore, it was arranged that one of the fourteen galleys was to appear to take fire and burn, while the people aboard it, under direction, were to dive spectacularly into the sea.

When the fires were lit in oil drums, however, the oil holes created an unexpected draft and the flames were

sucked lengthwise throughout the galley. In a flash, the craft was truly ablaze, and the terrified extras, without waiting for instructions, tumbled pell-mell into the sea. There were several minutes of genuine frenzy as rescue launches rushed in to save the floundering men.

When the frightened and exhausted people had finally been taken back to shore, changed out of their dripping costumes and sent off to their homes, three sets of unclaimed clothing were found remaining in the extras' dressing room.

The unit manager took desperate measures. Without saying anything to the police, he secretly rowed the tell-tale bundles out to sea that night and sank them in a weighted bag. Two days later, the missing extras, still in the costumes of Roman soldiers, showed up and demanded their clothes. They had been picked up by a fishing vessel and landed down the coast. The unit manager happily reimbursed them for the mysterious loss of their things.

Mayer was provoked by the evident wastage. When he returned to Rome he stated bluntly that he was displeased. Niblo hit the ceiling and said he would resign. Mayer came back at him hotly. "You haven't resigned; you've been removed!" The rift was patched up, however.

All the difficulties were not the fault of the Americans. The tense political atmosphere in Italy accounted for much dissension among the Italians. One day violent rioting broke out between the pro-Fascist and anti-Fascist workmen, when the latter, who were in the majority, tried to force a half holiday in honor of the Socialist deputy, Matteotti, who had been slain by Mussolini's thugs. Several times, the Fascist foreman at Livorno darkly threatened to have Niblo killed for not giving sole preference to Fascist members. There were frequent acts of obstruction and sabotage.

Finally, in January 1925, the company was ordered home. All along, Thalberg had been against the Italian adventure. "I could make the whole thing right here for eight hundred thousand dollars," he said. A couple of million dollars had been blown in Italy. To cut these unprecedented expenses and confess to a fiasco took decisive nerve. But Mayer and Thalberg were realistic.

Actually, the fourteen months of fiddling in Rome were not a total waste. In the final assembly of Ben Hur there turned up considerable footage that had been shot abroad. All the scenes of and in the galleys, including the big battle at sea, were those that were shot off Livorno at such tremendous cost. The Joppa Gate sequences, jammed with extras and bulging with spectacle, were made in Rome, as were many other pieces. The only things wasted were money, energy — and time.

And a good bit more of them still had to be put out when the company returned to Hollywood. Immediately Thalberg decided there was no use returning to Rome to shoot the chariot race. A bigger and better Antioch Colosseum could be built in Culver City, he said, and he forthwith gave instructions that one should be raised. On a big open lot off Venice Boulevard, at La Cienega, the structure was built for three hundred thousand dollars. It was, when completed, the biggest movie set erected up to that time.

When the Colosseum was finished, the big day for the chariot race was set and, after weeks of detailed preparations, all thought and energies were now devoted to this conclusive event. Some three thousand extras were recruited to fill the mammoth set at the going pay of \$3.50 a day, plus lunch.

A crack cavalry troop was borrowed from the Presidio in Monterey to play a Roman horse guard, mounted on beautiful matched bays and wearing shining Roman costumes. Stunt men rode in the twelve chariots, each drawn by four powerful horses, that were to race around the Colosseum track.

Forty-two cameras were located in various strategic spots all over the huge set. These were more cameras than M-G-M owned — more than had ever been used on one job. When they got all the cameramen together, many on loan from other studios, it looked like a full convention of the American Society of Cinematographers.


When the big day came—it was a Saturday—the extras crowded the old Venice Short Line trolley cars, flocking to Culver City to take part in the big event. Virtually every director and star in Hollywood knocked off that day and went out to watch. There was a festival air about the happening. It was a

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historic occurrence in the community.

Zero hour was 11 a.m. At 10.30 Thalberg looked at the three thousand extras banked in the seats of the Colosseum and said there were not enough. Studio runners scurried madly through the on-lookers gaping outside the lot and pulled in another three hundred.

To be filmed on this day of shooting was the panoramic spectacle of the actual race, the massiveness of the crowded Colosseum and the colorful aspects of the Roman holiday. The dramatic close-ups of Ramon Novarro and Francis X. Bushman driving their chariots, which would be cut into the race sequence afterward, were shot separately from the race itself, of course. To assure that the cowboy stunt men who drove the chariots would make it a real show, a bonus of a hundred and fifty dollars was offered to the one who came in first.

With everything set, director Niblo, stationed on a high tower from which he could command the whole business, gave the signal for the race to begin. Buglers blew their summons. Huge tapestries were flung back and out dashed the twelve lumbering chariots. They lined up for the start, and were off. As they thundered around the Colosseum dust flew, the crowds roared and the cameras whirled. The excitement was surely as high as it had ever been at a race in Roman days.

Then a phenomenon happened. As the heavy chariots were swinging into a turn, the wheel on one driven by Mickey Millerick, a famous stunt cowboy, worked loose and the vehicle began to careen. On a wild swerve, it banged into another. The two rolled over in a heap and, as the spectators gasped in sudden horror, two more chariots and teams crashed into the wreck. Four chariots, sixteen horses and four drivers ended up in a spectacular shambles. And not a man or an animal was hurt!

It was a flash of fortuitous action that no one would have dared try to stage as it occurred—not with the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals watching the whole thing. Yet it was a feature that added incalculably to the realism of the spectacle. The cameramen were checked to make sure they had got it. Fortunately, they had. The rest of the saga of Ben Hur is a recount of triumphs and rewards.

There was a remarkable by-product that could not be calculated in dollars: while on his trip to Europe late in 1924 to look over the production of Ben Hur and make his first continental "tour," Louis Mayer had his eye out for talent. The Europeans, still recovering from World War I, were making many interesting pictures and were developing their own group of stars. On his way through Paris, Mayer had asked to see some likely pictures. Among those he saw were a couple of the films of Mauritz Stiller, the Swedish director.

Mayer admired them and asked for more. In Berlin the M-G-M representative arranged for Stiller himself to call on Mayer and show him The Atone-ment of Gosta Berling.

It makes a provocative image, the giant Stiller and the short stocky Mayer sitting down in a projection room in Berlin for one of the more momentous screenings in the history of films. Stiller could not speak English, and an interpreter was there. Mayer was not too hopeful about the subject. It was a little too heavy for his taste. However, he admired the direction. Then a young woman with a haunting face came into the picture. Mayer sat up.

"Who is she?" he asked the inter-

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preter. He did not know then that her name was Greta Garbo.

Stiller, sensing the question, roared. "Watch the picture!" he boomed in Swedish. "Watch the direction! Watch the fire!" He thought Mayer was only struck by the actress' beauty and had designs on her. Mayer assured him that he was interested in the ensemble. When the showing was ended, a meeting with Garbo was arranged.

Mayer met the couple for Sunday dinner in the spacious dining room of the Adlon Hotel in Berlin. Stiller fore-

handedly arranged that Greta should sit opposite Mayer, who arrived after the two were seated. His first impression of the girl was not good. Her arms were fat and he caught a glimpse of thick ankles. But her face was alive and wonderful.

"Tell her," he said to Stiller, "that in America our men don't like fat women." Stiller passed the information to Greta. She accepted it thoughtfully.

At that table in the Adlon in Berlin, Mayer arranged the deal for Stiller to come to the M-G-M studios in Culver

City and bring Greta Garbo with him.

The legend that the youthful actress was only hired at Stiller's insistence and that it was Stiller that Mayer really wanted is wrong. Mayer was never so intent upon directors that he couldn't spot a potential star.

Six months passed before Stiller and Greta arrived in the United States. When they did, they were not greeted with any special excitement or huzzahs. Greta struck those who saw her as a rather prosaic girl. Her hair was stringy, her face solemn and her apparel any-

thing but chic. The New York publicity office figured that Mayer had hired a dog. But Mayer was agreeably surprised when she arrived in Hollywood. She had heeded his advice and reduced.

In her first picture Greta received some flattering reviews, but Stiller did not direct the film and she was bewildered and unhappy over this. Furthermore, Pete Smith, head of studio publicity, made the mistake of trying to publicize Greta in the conventional way. He got her into a turtle-neck sweater and running pants (which showed her knobby knees) and took her over to the athletic field of the University of Southern California to pose for fan-magazine pictures with the husky brutes of the track team. This was confusing and embarrassing to the foreign girl.

Because of her scant English the sessions with reporters were agonizing, and the consequent stories humiliated her. In a short time she was tearfully beseeching that she not be interviewed. She soon had a reputation of being toplofty toward the press. But the public swarmed to see her second picture and the magnetism that she had developed was tangibly and gratifyingly revealed.

Before this, however, the most conclusive event in the career of Greta Garbo had happened. Her third picture was to be *Flesh and the Devil*, and the high-riding John Gilbert was picked to be her new leading man.

"Who is the dame?"

She put up some brief resistance when *Flesh and the Devil* was picked for her, and stubbornly stayed away from the studio while preparations were being made to shoot it.

"Who the hell is this dame?" Gilbert grumbled. Clarence Brown, the director, patiently soothed him. Finally, Greta showed up for work. Brown tactfully suggested that Gilbert step over to her dressing room.

"To hell with her," snorted Gilbert. "Let her come to me!"

So Brown brought the diffident Swedish actress over to meet the great star.

In their second scene together the director had them do a bit of flirtatious business with a cigarette. Suddenly, as Brown put it, "the buttons began to pop." Gilbert, the gay *caballero*, was entranced with the laconic Swede. He developed a tempestuous passion for her.

And she was intrigued by him. The gay and smiling Gilbert was now at the peak of his powers, full of the fire of a stallion and the ingenuousness of a child. He was romance in all its masculine magic, the paragon of dash and grace—reckless, naïve and boastful. The love scenes, which were sensational when the film was released, were played with genuine ardor. Brown often felt a little in the way. *Flesh and the Devil* made a spectacular killing and established Gilbert and Garbo as the screen's most popular love team.

Greta was swiftly rushed into a new film with Gilbert, titled *Love*, a popularized version of Tolstoi's *Anna Karenina*. The title clearly expressed the matter anticipated by the public in the film. By now the Gilbert-Garbo romance was the subject of spicy news items and gossip. One story even had it that Gilbert, crazy with love and jealousy, had climbed one night to the balcony of the hotel where Greta lived in Santa Monica and had taken a shot at Stiller whom he was supposed to have caught with her. This story was much more favorable to the film than the true one.

Gilbert and Greta were on the verge of marrying, but Garbo would not summon her resolve, and Gilbert was ex-

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ceedingly touchy. One night they were talking things out during a dinner at Jack's new home. He was getting along all right. Jack had a wonderful way of looking at Greta when she was sitting with him in a room and sighing, "Gee-bo, you are so beautiful!"—to which she would reply ecstatically, "Dear Ya-queel!"

While they were talking this evening, the butler came in to announce that Stiller was outside, calling for Miss Garbo. The director had previously arranged to pick her up to go to a concert or some such function, as Gilbert understood. However, when Greta started to go out, Jack ran downstairs after her, beseeching her to abandon the engagement. And as she got into Stiller's car, he impetuously tried to restrain her. Stiller gave him a little push. Gilbert fell back as the car drove off.

"He tried to shove me down the canyon!" Gilbert howled into the night, then went inside to console himself with brandy. Some hours later he called at Garbo's hotel. The clerk would not admit him, so Gilbert went outside and tried to climb to her suite. He later claimed that he did reach her balcony and was about to enter the lady's bower when Stiller, raging, rushed forth and tried to push him over the balustrade. But what actually happened was that Gilbert, while trying to climb the building, fell when he had got up a bit and wounded himself inconsequentially. Angry and bleeding, he went calling upon friends, routing them out and maundering about Stiller's imagined assault.

There was also the story of how the couple started to elope. This was in 1927, and there was a nation-wide titter over it. They got into an auto and headed for Mexico, but along the way Greta lost interest and requested her ardent swain to permit her to visit a ladies' restroom. There she gave him the slip and took a train back to Hollywood, thus leaving the world-famous screen lover in an angry and baffled state. It was after this dismal fiasco that the ardor of the romance cooled.

Now a mood of despair and fatalism settled upon Greta. Stiller returned to Sweden and died there on Nov. 8, 1928. One month later Garbo departed Hollywood. The flamboyant phase of her life was done.

Meanwhile another romance was in the making. Thalberg's interest in Norma Shearer had remained professional, and nothing more. They continued to call each other "Mister" and "Miss," without leers or coquetry. Norma had reached the eminence of a star of the second magnitude. Her admiration of Thalberg was extended from afar.

On that first Christmas Eve at Culver City she had been working late on the back lot and was weary, depressed and lonesome when she finally returned to her dressing room. The studio party was over and most everyone had gone home. Norma was fit to loathe Christmas. Then her telephone rang. It was Thalberg.

"I hear you had to work late," he said, "so I just called to wish you a Merry Christmas!"

Norma floated home that night on a cloud.

Then, one day, Thalberg's secretary called her. "Mr. Thalberg would like to know if you would care to go to the opening of *The Gold Rush* with him?"

"Tell Mr. Thalberg I'd be delighted," Norma replied. When she hung up, she smiled at herself in the mirror. "I'm going to get him!" she said. A series of dinners and parties followed.

Finally, one night at the Coconut Grove, while they were dancing, Irving

casually said to Norma, "Don't you think it's about time we got married?" She played along with the attitude. "If you are proposing," she parried, "you're not using the right dialogue." He assured her he meant it. The engagement was announced at a dinner party at Mayer's home. And on Sept. 29, 1927 Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg were married.

The wedding turned out to be more elaborate than at first intended. As such things do, it grew — especially when Marion Davies and Louella Parsons en-

thusiastically moved in. Among other things, Miss Davies ordered a dazzling diamond bracelet from a fashionable jeweler in New York. It arrived by special messenger just as the ceremony was about to begin. Marion gaily ripped off the wrappings and clamped the magnificent jewelry on an amazed and somewhat nonplused Norma's wrist.

That night, when Norma was preparing to retire at the Del Monte, California, hotel, where she and Irving were honeymooning, she found she couldn't get the bracelet off her wrist. The catch

was stuck. She and Irving pulled and tussled with it to no avail. She had to wear the bracelet to bed. The next morning, they found a jeweler who freed her from the Hearst-Davies gift. ★

In his second and concluding article, Bosley Crowther will tell the story of Louis B. Mayer and M-G-M in the Thirties: how he made Garbo talk, revived a fading Marie Dressler, discovered Judy Garland, fathered Andy Hardy and shared a fifty-million-dollar prize with Clark Gable as bait.



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Is smog the real culprit of lung cancer?

Continued from page 19

"Near highways the lung-cancer rate is twice that of communities far away from the roads"

aromatic hydrocarbons. The most dangerous member of the family is known as 3,4-benzpyrene. The hydrocarbons come from the incomplete combustion of coal and fuel; they pour out of the exhaust pipes of every automobile and truck. Each day in Los Angeles (four times the size of Toronto) an estimated 1,400 tons of hydrocarbons are dumped into the air.

The proof of 3,4-benzpyrene's danger is both experimental and statistical. Doctors Paul Kotin and Hans L. Falk of the University of Southern California painted mice with an extract prepared from gas- and diesel-engine exhaust. A large proportion developed skin cancer. The doctors then took 338 mice and left them for a year in a chamber filled with synthetically made polluted air. Eighty percent of them developed lung cancer. Among a similar group of mice kept in clean air, only half developed tumors.

Experiments elsewhere have yielded similar results. The U.S. Public Health Service prepared extracts from air samples taken from ten American cities. They caused skin cancer on mice. Dr. Sidney Mittler of the Illinois Institute of Technology found that seventy-six percent of mice painted with an extract made from car exhaust developed skin tumors. He reported that the "amount used on each mouse was the equivalent amount of exhaust produced by letting your car engine idle for about two minutes." When researchers examined the lungs of mice that died of lung cancer after living in polluted air, they discovered that lung areas stained black by soot were the identical areas where human beings develop lung cancer. At present Doctors A. C. Ritchie and G. C. McMillan, McGill University pathologists, are examining a black substance found in the human lung. They report: "We know that it comes from the atmosphere, that it increases with the age of the person, and that it is present in larger quantities in urban than in rural dwellers."

That 3,4-benzpyrene in the atmosphere is a major factor in causing lung cancer is further suggested by an epidemiological study carried on by Dr. Percy Stocks of the British Empire Cancer Campaign and Dr. John M. Campbell, a London pathologist. They compared the lung-cancer death rate among male smokers and non-smokers in heavily polluted Liverpool, in slightly polluted Chester and Wrexham, and in several rural

areas in north Wales. Liverpool air was found to have eight to eleven times as much 3,4-benzpyrene as the rural air. In every category—non-smoker, light, moderate and heavy smoker—the Liverpool lung-cancer death rate exceeded the rural rates. Liverpool non-smokers succumbed to lung cancer nine times as frequently as rural non-smokers.

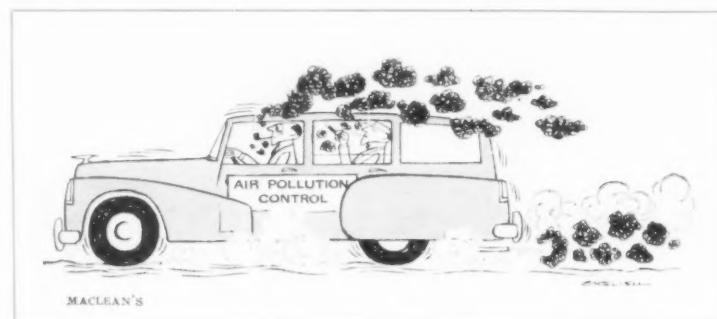
Stocks and Campbell say: "Compare the lung-cancer death rate with the population's total 3,4-benzpyrene intake and you have a remarkable degree of correspondence—so great that 3,4-benzpyrene may be the cancer-causing agent."

These conclusions are endorsed by the U.S. Public Health Service expert, Dr. Hueper. The rise in lung cancer, he says, follows the rise in consumption of motor and other fuels, the construction of asphalt highways, and finally, the increased production of chemicals and products that give off carcinogenic fumes, dusts and gases to which large occupational groups are exposed. Hueper has published some two hundred papers on environmental cancer and allied topics.

In defense of the cigarette

Hueper takes issue with a fundamental belief of proponents of the cigarette theory: namely that the incidence of lung cancer began to rise with the widespread introduction of cigarette smoking about 1920. "That's not correct," he says. "Even before the turn of the century there was a gradual increase in central Europe and it became a matter of serious concern around 1920." Hueper frequently refers to the study conducted by Doctors J. Herlich and R. Neubold in four provinces of their native Austria. The per-capita cigarette consumption was the same in each province. Yet in communities along the main highways where the air was polluted by fumes and dust from cars, diesel trucks and asphalt the lung-cancer rate was twice that of communities far away from highways.

A twenty-year study, recently published by the New Zealand Department of Health, also seems to strengthen the case for the defense of the cigarette. Dr. D. F. Eastcott compared the lung-cancer death rate of native-born New Zealanders with that of British immigrants. New Zealanders are much heavier smokers than the British. On the other hand, the British were brought up breathing air polluted in the heavier industrialization of their homeland. The British immi-



grants. Eastcott discovered, faced a thirty-percent greater danger of dying of lung cancer than native New Zealanders.

According to many observers, air pollution may also provide a key to the mystery of why men are more susceptible to lung cancer than women. In the past twenty-five years, the lung-cancer rate for men has skyrocketed; it has gone up only slightly for women. The explanation offered by those who blame air pollution is that men and women spend their lives in different environments. Women spend most of their time in the residential sections of cities or in the green suburbs. Men, on the other hand, may work at jobs where there are known or suspected cancer agents in the atmosphere.

The argument is strengthened by the fact that when men and women spend their lives working and living in the same environment they apparently run the same risk of lung cancer. Male and female employees in the asbestos industry tend to have the same lung-cancer rate.

According to Dr. Hueper's summary the fumes and dusts of the following substances are probably most cancer producing: arsenic, asbestos, chromates, nickel, coal tar, petroleum oils, isopropyl oil (used to make industrial solvents), and radioactive chemicals. Many industries using these substances have taken elaborate measures to safeguard the health of their employees. The greatest danger, according to Hueper, is ignorance. "Our knowledge about occupational lung cancers is still spotty," he says.

Some of the studies that link specific industries with lung cancer are impressive. In a large American railway company twenty-five percent of the employees worked at operating jobs. These included engineers, foremen, roundhouse personnel and others exposed to coal, soot and diesel-oil fumes. The non-operating employees—seventy-five percent of the railway's total work force—were engaged in clerical, administrative and other chores, far removed from the pollutants. Over a period of several years, medical records revealed that the operating personnel—only twenty-five percent of the force—developed seventy-five percent of the railway's lung-cancer cases.

In Minnesota in 1954, the lung-cancer death rate for all residents was 11.6 per 100,000 population. However, among the iron-ore miners of St. Louis-Itasca County, the rate was 60.1. In plants where chromium (used in making steel, cutlery, certain inks and paints) is a raw material some workers come in contact with chromium fumes and dusts. After examining the mortality records of such workers in six American chromate plants Doctors Frederick Gregorius and Willard Machle found that lung cancer was sixteen times as common among them as among males in the general population. In England, Dr. Richard Doll followed the health history of 113 men exposed to the dust of asbestos manufacturing for twenty years or more. Several lung-cancer deaths occurred. His conclusion was that the veteran asbestos worker was ten times as likely to succumb to the disease as the males in the general population.

In Deer Lodge County, Montana, a large proportion of the men work at copper smelting. They inhale arsenic dust and fumes. Their lung-cancer rate is 145.7. At the other end of the same state, in Gallatin County, which is predominantly agricultural, the male lung-cancer rate is only 5.2.

If man has unwittingly created an environment conducive to lung cancer, is there anything he can do to correct the

situation? This is being studied by experts in several countries who recognize that air pollution has a variety of evil effects. Polluted air may increase the incidence of pneumonia, bronchitis and allergies. It aggravates existing illnesses. A heavy smog (air pollution plus fog) descended on London, England, for five days in December 1952. It killed four thousand people—most of them older people with respiratory and cardiac ailments. Air pollution soils buildings, clothing and furniture. It corrodes paint, metals and stone. It damages vege-

tation. It reduces sunlight intensity, depriving us of health-giving rays and creating hazards for ground and air travel. Dr. Kingsley Kay, of the Department of National Health and Welfare, says flatly: "Airborne filth costs Canada \$150 million a year." This does not include injuries to health and fuel wastage due to improper combustion.

In Canada we are only beginning to awaken to the dangers of air pollution. In Ottawa, the health department provides a consultation service for the provinces and municipalities. Dr. E. H.

Lossing, chief of the department's epidemiology division, is studying 120,000 DVA pensioners to determine what factors—smoking, air pollution, or job history—are important in lung cancer. He's also observing the effect of polluted air on a group of chronically ill patients in the Ottawa area. The Ontario legislature has a committee on air pollution. So have the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, the Canadian Standards Association and the Ontario Research Foundation. Industries in the Sarnia area have set up a co-operative research proj-

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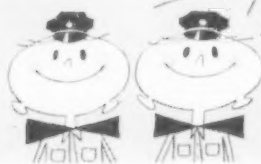
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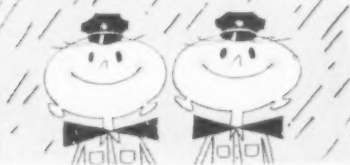
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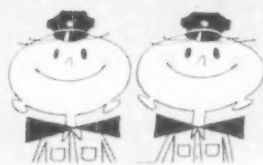
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ect to study air and water pollution. The International Joint Commission has for years been developing methods of cleaning the air in the Detroit-Windsor area. At present, investigations are under way to determine the extent of pollution in Halifax, Toronto, Hamilton, Winnipeg and Vancouver. Most large communities are organized in some way to deal with the problem of smoke abatement and air pollution.

Smoke abatement is a relatively simple problem that can be handled by local governments if they have proper staff, budget and laws. Other types of pollution — invisible gases and fumes — are much harder to control. For this reason, the Ontario Research Foundation has suggested the establishment of a strong, central anti-pollution agency that would conduct research and loan personnel and equipment to municipalities.

Such an agency, in the opinion of the Air Pollution Foundation, a voluntary U. S. organization, should give top priority to the problem of controlling gasoline and diesel-engine exhaust. (Los Angeles estimates that at least fifty percent of her

pollution comes from vehicles.) The APF makes other suggestions as well. The simplest is that all cars should have their engines properly adjusted; an out-of-tune engine may discharge ten times as much poisonous hydrocarbon as an efficient engine. Another idea is that a method be found of cutting down the flow of fuel while a car is slowing down, to curtail fumes. Perhaps the most important proposal is that all cars be equipped with a catalytic exhaust muffler. The Southwest Research Institute of San Antonio, Texas, claims that this device will reduce hydrocarbon emission by seventy percent or more. The Automobile Manufacturers Association has spent millions of dollars developing anti-pollutant devices. It's possible that some of them will be incorporated in the 1958-model cars.

New York City has shown that local ordinances can reduce motor pollution. When a car is idling, stopping or starting, there is a heavy hydrocarbon emission. A New York regulation requires bus drivers to shut down their engines if they are going to remain standing at

a terminal for more than three minutes.

What can be done about the lung-cancer hazards in specific industries? Obviously, essential industries can't be shut down. As a starting place, Dr. Hueper suggests that government, industry and medicine get together on research. "We know too little about the carcinogenic hazards in industry," he says, and must identify what the cancer-causing agents are, how powerful they are, how long they take to work and how they work. Then, he adds, engineers should be able to reduce the cancer hazards to a minimum. As for industries that can't be made safe for employees, they "should discontinue the production of any product that is not essential to human welfare."

Each year we spend millions of dollars making sure that the water we drink and the food we eat are pure. If hundreds of scientific studies have any meaning, man's next — and perhaps most crucial — battle against his environment will be the struggle to reclaim the air which he has unwittingly contaminated. ★



Backstage in the Soviet Union continued from page 8

'Don't go home to Russia unless you're sure you want to stay'

contemplate the warning pasted into the back of those valuable documents:

Canadian citizens born abroad, or whose parents were born abroad, are warned that they may be considered by the governments of the countries of their origin to be nationals of those countries, although by Canadian law they are citizens of Canada. They should bear in mind, therefore, that when they are within the boundaries of those countries, it may not be possible for Canada to give them effective protection.

It certainly is not possible here. Not only are they prevented from returning to Canada, they are even prevented from going to the Canadian embassy to talk about it.

Outside all foreign embassies in Iron Curtain countries stands a police guard. Ostensibly he is protecting the embassy, but he is also watching who goes in and out. In Moscow this policeman stops anyone who looks like a Russian, and tells him to go away. Several times in recent months, these unlucky folk have made appointments by telephone, failed to appear, then telephoned again later to say that the policeman wouldn't let them come in.

This is a change. Last summer, for the first time in many years, it looked as if some people would be allowed out of the Soviet Union, and about three hundred applied to come to Canada. Only about ten actually got away. The rest have now ceased to appear at the embassy, but some have telephoned to say their exit visa was refused.

Canadian officials can do nothing for these unfortunates, some of whom tell very moving and pathetic stories. All that can be done is to pass on the warning to others in Canada who may be thinking of the same move:

Don't come to the Soviet Union unless you are sure you'll want to stay.

I must in fairness add that not all the repatriates from Canada to Russia wish they had not come. In Kiev,

the capital of the Ukraine, I talked with one who assured me he has no regrets.

Two years ago Bill Byley was at Sir George Williams College in his native city, Montreal. Now he is a student of journalism at the University of Kiev. He says he likes it and is getting on very well, all things considered.

He does find the burden of study a bit of a shock, compared with courses he studied in Montreal. Soviet collegians really work. In Bill's course they have lectures five hours a day, from three to eight—other courses might run from early morning to mid-afternoon.

The syllabus is rigid for teacher and student alike. The professor has a number of points he must cover, and he needs all the time he has. He can't afford those seemingly irrelevant wanderings from the point that so often, with a good teacher, will illuminate the subject in a young mind for the first time. As for the student, he has a reading list with no options in it—he must read all the books and turn in summaries to prove it.

Two hundred books to read

Russian students complain openly and vigorously that the courses are far too heavy. One lad told a friend of mine:

"I have so much stuff to commit to memory that I never have any time to think."

A Russian girl, one year out of college, said: "When my final examinations were a few weeks away I still had two hundred books left to read. I read them, too, but you can imagine how"—and she made motions of flipping over pages.

The Canadian students (there are four in Kiev, another half dozen in Moscow) don't speak as harshly as that. They agree that the Soviet course is too stiff, but they seem to regard it less with resentment than with an awed admiration.

This may be because they are protected from its full severity. Some cannot yet speak fluent Russian; none has anything like the background of Russian

literature and Soviet ideology that all Russian students must have. Every college course in the Soviet Union includes some Marxist-Leninist theory—even scientists, engineers and other such practical types must take ideology three hours a week for the first two years of their five-year course. To those who have gone through Soviet schools it is merely advanced treatment of an old subject. To newcomers, even of Leftist views, it is mostly new ground. Because of this handicap the ex-Canadians get lenient treatment from their professors.

They are homesick at times, I suspect. Bill Byley's first question, when we met in Kiev one February night, was, "Who won the Grey Cup?" And his last, as we parted, was this:

"Could you just put a line in to whatever you write, to give my best regards to all my old friends at Sir George Williams?"

I said I could, and here it is.

For Canadians who were not born of Russian parentage, and who contemplate a trip to the Soviet Union, I have a piece of advice: don't head straight for Moscow. Make Leningrad your first stop. It will set you off with a better taste in your mouth, and a better impression of the country.

Moscow, at least in winter, is a dour town. In two and a half weeks I have seen the sun only once, and the people who live here say it has been that way since October. Aside from the Kremlin, which is impressive in a grim sort of way, and of course the ballet at the Bolshoi Theatre, which is superlative, there is very little beauty in the Soviet capital—and none at all of recent origin. The hotels offer a maximum of late-Victorian luxury and a minimum of comfort. My room overlooking the Kremlin towers has eight chairs and a sofa, four large ornate lamps, two tables, an enormous desk and yards, fathoms, furlongs of plum-colored plush draperies. All it lacks is a comfortable chair, a comfortable bed, and a light to read by.

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gin to think this is the Soviet Union—everything gracious, everything comfortable, everything cheerful wiped out.

Then you go to Leningrad, and find out how wrong you were. In spite of the battering it took in the one-and-a-half-year siege Leningrad is a beautiful city, one that makes you think of Stockholm. The streets are well lighted, the people look cheerful, the hotels would rank as first class anywhere in Europe. Altogether it is as unlike Moscow as Vienna is unlike Birmingham.

One thing that contributes to the glum look of Moscow is the appearance of the women. When I first came I thought the Socialist state must have banned production of such fripperies as cosmetics. I was quite wrong—there's a shop a block away that's stocked with nothing else—but you'd never think it to look at the female population here. With some welcome exceptions the Moscow woman, as you see her in theatre and restaurant, shop and trolley bus, is a pale, fat, lumpy creature with stringy untidy hair, clad in a plain woolen dress of no particular shape.

Again, I thought I was observing a

Soviet phenomenon—until I got to Leningrad. There to my astonishment I found that when young people go out on a Saturday night (as they do by dozens to dance to the excellent orchestra in the Astoria Hotel) the girls wear pretty dresses and comb their hair, the boys all shave and put on clean shirts. This may not sound remarkable, but it is a great change from Moscow and Kiev.

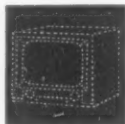
But of course the real glory of Leningrad is the collection of paintings at the Hermitage, the galleries of the czars' Winter Palace. I have never seen anything like them—a great long room full of Rembrandts, another full of Rubens, all the great Italians from the thirteenth century on. Besides the old masters accumulated by the czars, there is a whole floor of French Impressionists which the Soviet government thoughtfully confiscated from rich Russian merchants in the 1920s. No doubt the Louvre has more of each of these things than the Hermitage has, but the Leningrad collection is so much less familiar to a Western eye that its impact is tremendous. I could spend only two afternoons there, but anyone who has the oppor-

tunity should spend at least a week.

Of course the beauty of Leningrad is old, too. So far as I know, nothing has yet come out of the Bolshevik Revolution that is beautiful. However, I'm told the newer, eastern regions of the Soviet Union are impressive and exciting in their own fresh, raw, vigorous way. Joseph Alsop, the American columnist, says that what he saw in central Russia was unforgettable. It was the most interesting trip he had made since the war, and he'd been impressed by almost every man he met.

Listening to this, I was excited too. None of the cities that Alsop visited are on the forbidden list—all, at least nominally, are open territory for any visitor. But it turns out nevertheless that the visitor has to have special permission, that special arrangements have to be made, and also that my visa runs out in four more days and it cannot, alas, be extended.

In short, though I am trying to see what apparently is the most attractive part of the Soviet Union, the bureaucrats of Moscow won't let me go. This is very much in character. ★



What happened when we threw out our TV set continued from page 17

"Ann wouldn't mind spankings — if TV were on at the same time"

race, his first question would be, "Who got killed?"

Action stories practically hypnotized David. He once sat through *The Lone Ranger* with a nail sticking up in his shoe, and though it had drawn blood and was painful, he didn't notice it till the shooting and the shouting were over.

Ann, our tomboy, was almost as bad as David. She's only eight but she can spot the bad guy in any epic before he even twirls a mustache. Her real forte, however, is stalling. The others can undress and be asleep before Ann unravels one shoelace. Earl or I often get exasperated and bundle her roughly into bed. No sooner are we back in the living room than she will blandly bleat, "I didn't kiss you good night!" and rush out to do so, treating us to long, toothpasty wet smacks while she gazes past us at the TV screen.

Spanking Ann would be useless. She wouldn't mind being spanked every night if she could watch TV while we walloped her.

This may sound as if we had no rules at all for TV viewing, but it's not so. Every morning we'd agree on the last program they could see that night. Usually this would be one ending at eight, but on Wednesday it was 8.30, for Disneyland. On the week end, they could stay up for Jackie Gleason (or his opposite number, Perry Como) and Ed Sullivan, whom they adore. After the last commercial had faded on these shows they would go to bed willingly enough, all except Ann, that is.

But the trouble was, they would watch almost everything up to these programs, half-watching those they didn't quite understand, but always to the detriment of supper, homework, chores, play and other activities. Often I thanked my stars we lived in Ottawa, where programs usually don't start till four. I can imagine what a time parents must have where they can get several channels all day.

I suppose the obvious thing would have been to shut off the TV from, say, 6.30 to 7.30 or later, and make them

do their playing and homework in peace. But Earl and I like the news and Tabloid, and we thought we needed after-dinner relaxation as well as the children.

Our eldest child, Ruthie, and our two youngest, Carol and June, were not nearly as rabid about TV as David and Ann, but they had their moments. Ruth liked Lassie, Burns and Allen, News Magazine and Ed Sullivan, but her favorite has always been *Father Knows Best*. She could easily see this when it was on CBOT at 6.30 Sundays, but for a while they switched it to nine on Sunday night. This meant that if Ruthie could stay up to see it all the children could see it too, because you can't play favorites—even with the eldest—in a family as close together in ages as ours.

"I'm afraid you'll have to give up this program," I told her the first night of the new schedule. "Your school work

is getting harder and you need all your rest."

Ruthie hung her head and said bitterly, "But you promised I could see it."

"That was before," I admitted. "I didn't know they would change the time, did I? Nine-thirty is too late on a night before school."

She turned, stiffly, and like she always does, rushed into her room and slammed the door. We could hear her sobbing, flinging her clothes and books about and muttering, "It's not fair, it's not fair! You can see it and I can't!" I was happy a few weeks later when CBOT returned *Father* to his old time at 6.30, and so was Ruthie.

Carol, who is seven now, likes *Howdy Doody*, *Junior Magazine*, *The Peppermint Prince* and most children's shows, but she can be diverted if anything interesting is going on elsewhere. June is



the same. If there's much talk, her four-year-old mind wanders. Candy, our black tomcat, will climb on top of the TV and watch quick-moving commercials upside down. But he's just as happy scaring squirrels.

By last September, then, we'd had the TV set only a year, but it ruled our lives. When the children were watching it they might as well have been wrapped up in cotton wool for all the notice they paid to other things around them—such as their parents.

When Earl and I decided on the drastic step of removing the set, we waited till the good winter shows that we both like were under way. This was so it would mean something to us as well as the children, though it was them we wanted to impress. One of the last things I asked them was whether they remembered what it was like before TV. They thought I was joking.

"There's always been TV, Mummy!" laughed Carol, and the others nodded. That jolted us. We'd only had the monster a year but to them it was a lifetime!

David finally recalled listening to Boston Blackie on radio. He also remembered Rawhide. Ann thought of Aunt Lucy and Folk Songs for Young Folk. Ruth surprised me most. She vaguely remembered some radio programs when I mentioned them, but on her own couldn't think of one. Our children had stopped listening to radio entirely since the advent of TV.

Massacre in Woodroffe

We chose Saturday, October 13, to remove the TV, so the children could see it going. Carol and June went along for the ride to Rosemary Wallace's, where we were leaving it, but the others were playing and couldn't have cared less. I put the radio and the children's record player on the empty TV table. I had to dust the records. When I turned on the radio it was weak. I felt a little panicky till I noticed the aerial had fallen down. It came on louder when I strung it up again.

When Earl came back I told him of my moment of panic at being totally cut off from civilization. He snickered horribly and said, "The only thing that would cause a real panic among you gossip old women would be to cut off the phone for a month, or even a day."

Twice during the afternoon Ann came in to look at Cowboy Corner, but went out to play again quite happily when she saw the set was gone. They all trooped in, had their supper, read the comics, bathed and went to bed without a murmur. They were tired from playing, of course, but surely it wasn't going to be all this easy!

Earl and I spent that first evening mapping out what promised to be an exciting vacation at home. Earl had that undersea book of Cousteau's to read, and he also wanted to get our 1952 Vanguard in shape for the sports-car fall rally two weeks later. He has dozens of trophies for sports-car trials, and is past president of the Motorsport Club of Ottawa.

I had a much more imposing list of Things to Do: shampoo the chesterfield, get Ruthie started practicing the piano again, clean out the medicine cabinet, make myself a suit and dress, write the Christmas cards and letters, and sort out five boxes of papers. That would do for a start. I could add more later. I also started keeping a diary, which I happily headed: "Our Month Without TV or Massacre in Woodroffe."

Sunday was almost a repeat of Saturday. Normally the children would have

been in for Junior Magazine at two, outside from three to 3.30 when What's My Line came on, or perhaps if it was fine, play right through till 4.30 when Lassie came on. Then they'd come in for the night. Today they played out till six, and came in for a good supper, homework and bed without a peep. But I had the feeling they thought the set would be back by Monday, so weren't complaining.

On Monday night I saw David look for the set, but he didn't say anything. He was sulky at supper, even though it was

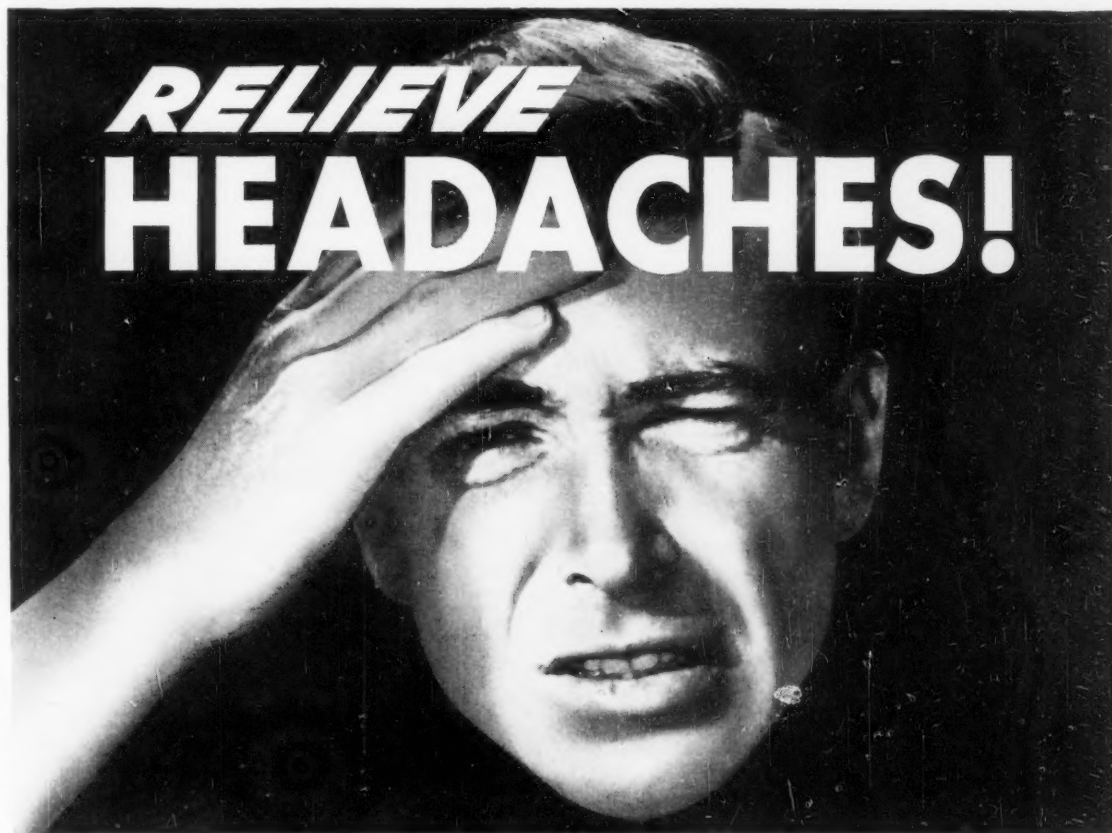
his favorite, meat balls and spaghetti. Luckily, it was his night for Cubs, the only thing that ordinarily could tear him away from TV, and he left at 6.30. Ruth and Ann did homework together, and Carol and June played records. At eight Earl came into the kitchen and said, "Do you know you've been singing?" I replied that I gave a concert every night, but he'd always been so busy ogling the Tabloid cuties he'd never noticed before.

On Tuesday, Ruth was across at the Frasers' where her best friend Martha

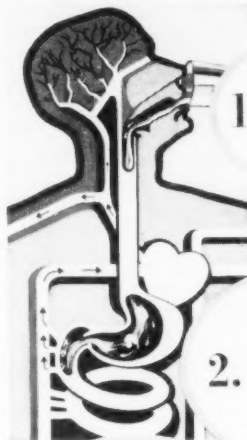
lives. Martha wanted to watch Let's Go to the Museum and Captain Gallant, so Ruth stayed, but left in the middle of Captain Gallant to come home and practice the piano without even being told. Ann joined her on the piano bench. Earl looked at me as if to say, "What next?"

David brought his Meccano set downstairs and played with it till bedtime, apparently unconcerned.

When they were asleep, I turned on the radio and listened to Leicester Square to Old Broadway. I hated to hear it end. Earl was hacking away at



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something in the cellar, and it seemed as if I should start a book or get out the pattern for my suit. But somehow I couldn't get started.

"What do you really want to do?" I asked myself. I was ashamed at my answer: I wanted to go next door and watch TV.

I checked the paper and it said The Lost World of the Kalahari was on. It didn't give details, but I was sure it would be good. I was on the point of calling mother to come over for coffee, knowing she'd invite me over there in-

stead and save my face, when two friends of Earl's came in—Doug Turner and Stuart Lyle—and the three of them started their unending talk on cars, cameras and hi-fi. For once I listened almost eagerly.

On Wednesday, the seventeenth, June and Carol came tearing in to see Rin Tin Tin, but turned cheerfully back to play when they saw the empty corner. David came in late and the way he ate his supper made me uneasy. At seven, while I was in the kitchen, I heard the front door opening, and without know-

ing definitely I called, "David, where are you going?" There was no answer, so I hurried out and caught up with him. He mumbled something about going somewhere to see Disneyland. I said he was not going anywhere else that night and to get out his American Logs if he had his homework done.

Suddenly, David blew up. He stamped his foot and flailed out at me till I stopped him with a whack. Then he ran upstairs and sobbed there till he fell asleep.

After this outburst things went much

better. On Friday, David actually got his own back. He was playing outside and getting very wild. He's like that, going at everything as if his life depended on it. Feeling he might hurt himself, I called and said I'd phone Nana (my mother) and see if he could go there and watch Roy Rogers. He was halfway up our tree by this time, and he hung on precariously with one hand while he said, very slowly, "I don't want to watch Roy Rogers. I'd rather play outside since we don't have TV."

He didn't even crack a smile as he said it, but I could almost hear him mutter, "Mark one up for the good guys."

Sunday was Ruth's eleventh birthday, so we had her party on Saturday. She invited eight girls and they had a hilarious time playing charades, which they'd seen played on Fun Time, with Frank Heron. They were remarkably quick at guessing. Of course, most of the characters were easily recognized TV people—Ed Sullivan, Clarabell, Jackie Gleason and Cousin Elmer. But Earl and I were baffled on Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star and Three Men in a Tub, though the kids got them. TV had sharpened their wits, or something had.

The next day, Sunday, was the most gorgeous day we ever spent. The children were away at mother's cottage near Carleton Place all day, and Earl and I just loafed. Even years ago when Earl would get a forty-eight-hour pass from the air force and want to spend it just sleeping, we never had it so good. Maybe because then we were blissfully ignorant of how complicated life could get with five children and TV. Radio was never that much of a strain.

Who needs television?

When the children came home at five we had a wonderful, gay, giddy supper in the dining room, with no sense of urgency to see anything on TV. At 8.30 we got a call from friends we hadn't seen in months. "Is it true you've abolished your infernal machine?" they asked. When I cautiously admitted it was, they said they'd be right over. They came and we talked till long past midnight, something we haven't enjoyed in a long time. When we were finally in bed, Earl said he didn't care if the TV set never came back.

The following week, things got even better. Here are some notes from my diary:

Monday, Oct. 22—I played the piano and we all sang. Later, Ruthie read aloud two of the books she'd got for her birthday, Robin Hood, and Bunny Brown and His Sister. She said this Robin Hood wasn't anything like the one on TV. She didn't say which was better.

Wednesday, Oct. 24—David asked if he could see Disneyland, but when I said no he cheerfully went down the cellar and wrapped papers for the Cubs' paper drive.

Thursday, Oct. 25—All well. Kids seem to have forgotten TV. Heard some heavenly Chopin on CKOY. (On this night, probably because nothing had happened, I added a random thought: Kids now going to bathroom when they feel like it, not waiting for commercial or station break. Possibility world raising generation with kidney trouble called Teeveeitis?)

Friday, Oct. 26—Went over to the Frasers' to see Jack Kash on Graphic, having met him at Children's Concerts. Enjoyed it. Felt like staying for feature film but since kids home alone our consciences wouldn't stretch that far.



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Saturday, Oct. 27—Children played out all day. Dinner early. Left brood with sitter while we went on car-club masquerade. Random note: Hard to get sitter if you don't have TV. First thing regular sitters asked, incredulously, was, "Is it true you've lost your TV set?" Finally had to get father to stay, though this meant kids would wreck house.

Sunday, Oct. 28—Two weeks sans TV and how nice! Random note: It had to happen and did. June was listening to Just Mary on the radio when she suddenly piped up, "Why can't we see who is talking?"

On Tuesday I called up Rosemary, the friend who was keeping our TV set, and asked how she liked it. She said she liked it but her sixteen-year-old daughter Pamela detested it most of the time because she couldn't play her records or talk for hours on the phone while it was on. She said Pam claimed most teenage girls feel this way. I wonder if this is so?

Wednesday was Hallowe'en and I wrote in my diary:

The Frasers are away for a few days, and we're keeping Martha, eleven, and Simon, four, with us. Kids very excited about their Hallowe'en costumes. June brought back three baskets of loot and was raring to go for more but I stopped her. Ruth and Martha came in very disgusted because the other neighborhood kids had gone home to watch Disneyland on TV at 7.30. I felt sad for them because Hallowe'en used to be so much fun for me, and if this keeps up it could disappear altogether.

On Thursday the rosy goodness of living aloof from TV began to fade a little. Earl stayed in bed with a cold all day, and at night, after the kids had gone noisily to bed, we played cards and listened to the radio, but couldn't find much to interest us. Seemed to me there used to be more plays before, but now most of them are on TV. It came to me that I hadn't even started attending to any of the odd jobs on my list. It was too late to do anything that night, but I resolved to get started next evening.

On Friday, which the children would have looked forward to because of Bob Cummings and The Plouffe Family, they went to bed quite happily after dancing to their Frank Luther records. Earl was still home with his cold and he was a little irritable. We looked at each other and wondered who would say it first.

"All right," said Earl, finally, "I admit it. I miss the darn TV, if only for the news."

It was true. What an awful time we'd chosen to remove the set—Poland revolting, uprising in Hungary, wild goings-on in Suez, mine disaster at Springhill, N.S.—dozens of big stories happening at once, and here we were with no way of keeping up. Oh, the newspapers and radio were giving marvelous coverage, but I never realized how much we missed seeing the people and places they were talking about.

Two of Earl's car-club friends came

in, saying they'd heard he was sick, but they left early because they said Earl seemed tired. Actually, he admitted later, he'd finally got fed up talking cars. Imagine!

On Saturday, the kids played out all day. Some of their friends went home to see Cowboy Corner but ours didn't go with them. Even our little visitor Martha Fraser didn't seem to miss it, and she's usually as bad as David. The supreme irony, however, hit us about 7.30 when I heard Carol say, upstairs, "Let's go downstairs and play Snap." To which

Ann replied, "Naw, let's play here. Daddy and Mummy want to listen to the radio."

On Tuesday I went to a PTA meeting. Miss Grierson, Ruthie's teacher, said she didn't think lack of TV would unduly bother Ruthie because she had "inner resources." Miss Hodder, David's teacher, however, said that David had been nervous lately and she'd wondered why. I replied that I thought one boy in a family of girls has a tough time of it.

"Maybe TV is David's relaxation," said Miss Hodder. I'd never thought of

it that way before, but it sounded reasonable. David certainly does relax, if you count shouting names at the villains and shedding tears when anyone raises a voice to Lassie.

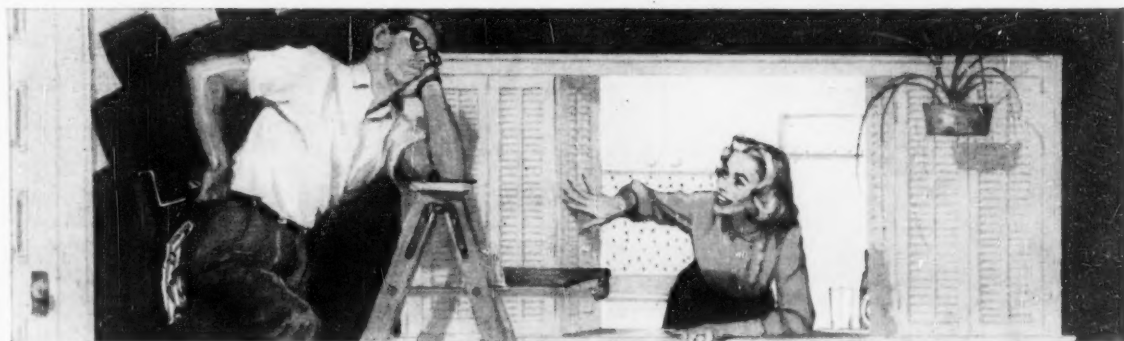
Miss Hodder said that several boys David's age were allowed to see the late movie, and often fell asleep in class next day. And I'd worried about Ruthie staying up till 9.30 for Father Knows Best!

My diary entry for Wednesday, Nov. 7, reads:

Earl's sister-in-law Eunice was here



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"We matured that TV-less month. Now we can't kid ourselves we bought the set just for the children"

for supper. At seven her parents came in from the farm, where they have no electricity, and were so obviously disappointed at us having no TV that Eunice took them to her place to watch it. TV is wonderful for most elderly people. Earl's grandfather, however, is ninety and he says he "can't abide it."

The last few days of our month dragged on interminably. The children's talk was as much about their Frank Luther records or Viewmaster slides as it was of TV. They saw some of this when other children did, but didn't seem to go out of their way to do so. David had got interested in radio's Boston Blackie again.

On Saturday, when I vacuumed the living room, I picked up very few food crumbs but many odds and ends of toys. That night the kids almost drove us crazy with their racket. Sunday was restful again, but not as good as it had been.

On Monday, Nov. 12, Ruthie mentioned that Jack and the Beanstalk was on TV that night. She only said it casually but it started me wondering: Should I call up Rosemary and get our set back today? After all, the month was up, wasn't it? If we waited till the thirteenth, wouldn't that be a month and a day? I never was any good at arithmetic. Then I thought: "Good night! Here I am actually counting the days! Has it come to this?"

I was so relieved when mother invited us over for dinner, and we all enjoyed Jack and the Beanstalk.

Tuesday night, when the set did come back, the first snow was a far greater attraction. I turned the set on, just to make sure it was working, and Ruth and I watched Dragnet, till I realized it was past nine and bundled her off to bed. I left the set on and watched Pick the Stars till ten when another part of The Lost World of the Kalahari came on. Without even waiting to see what it was about—this program I'd wanted so desperately to see a month before—I shut the set off and sat down to read a magazine.

Earl came up from the cellar a few minutes later. He looked at me in surprise and said, "I thought sure you'd be watching TV."

"No, I shut it off," I said, carelessly. Why did I feel so smug and virtuous about it?

The rest of the week, till we got it fixed, the set was acting up. It would go for an hour, then go haywire. If there was anything we really wanted to see we shut it off till then. The children didn't seem to mind at all. As far as I could tell, they had got out of the habit of having to have it.

All this happened last fall, but its results are still with us. I'd say we all matured that month, Earl and I, as well as the children. Never again will we try to kid ourselves that we bought the TV set just for the children. We wanted it just as badly. And never again will I believe that television has killed good talk. We had all the time for it, but I only recall one good session of conversation during the whole month. What does

kill good conversation is narrowing down your interests so there is only one topic you can talk about intelligently—as Earl admitted when he finally got fed up talking about cars.

The children are back to TV, of course, but they're not quite as avid as before. Now when we agree on the last program, it is not unusual for one of them to switch off the set when it's over. So far, Ann hasn't, but she's improving. She only gets that terribly parched throat or passionate desire to smooch with her daddy two or three nights a week now, instead of every night.

Does TV help parents?

Actually, now we shut off the set altogether between six and 7.30 to give the kids a break on their supper and homework, even though we miss the news and Tabloid. We see the late news at 11, as a rule. What I'd like to see is the networks themselves close down from six to 7.30 and take some of the burden off the parents.

We've come to some other conclusions about TV since we've had it back:

First, children learn a lot from it. Ours know very little about the Hungarian and Suez problems except what they've been told in school, but they're pretty bright on events that have happened since our TV set came back.

Second, it's a tossup which is worse: kids sitting quietly watching TV before bedtime or in wild noisy play. Our doctor seems to think the TV is worse, but I'm not so sure.

Third, for a mother of a family, TV

is more of a welcome change than a rest. So long as nothing faced me but shampooing the chesterfield or making clothes, these seemed like dreary extensions of the day's chores. Actually, I didn't get any of the things done I'd planned. Now I find I get them done either while a show is on or while waiting for one I like. I managed to get the medicine chest cleaned out during I Love Lucy and the Denny Vaughan Show last Monday, without missing anything but the occasional facial expression on the characters.

Fourth, I think TV is a wonderful peacemaker in a family—at least in places like Ottawa where there is only one channel. Watching a show and commenting on the actors seems to ease the small tensions between Earl and me. Both of us remember how irritable we were with each other those last few days without TV.

Mainly, we are very happy and proud that our children proved they had "inner resources," and were able to amuse themselves. They could have easily gone looking for places to see TV, as they'd done before, and probably would have if we'd done without the set much longer.

Just the other day the children saw a neighbor's set being taken out for repairs. They came running in and Carol shrilled, "Mummy, are we gonna take our TV out again, too?"

When I said no, I couldn't tell whether they were disappointed or pleased, but I know how I felt about the idea of taking it out again: I winced, ever so slightly. ★

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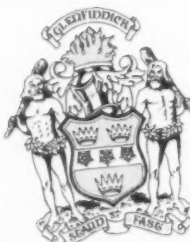
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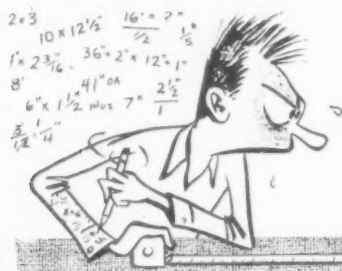


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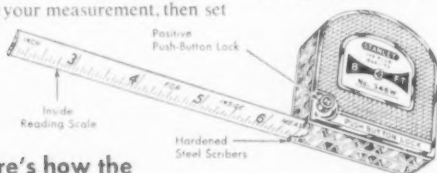


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London Letter continued from page 6

"Macmillan's pronouncement was a declaration of independence. I'm not sure Norstad got it"

sea and in the air. So it seemed.

Then, almost as an aside of no particular consequence, he said that military strength in the field must be supported by industrial and financial strength at home. No one, not even the most ardent militarist, could take exception to such a dignified commonplace.

But having known Harold Macmillan since 1918 I have become familiar with that trick of his that precedes an announcement of the utmost importance. If he were the chancellor of the exchequer about to reduce the standard rate of income tax, he would probably say very casually to the House, "We need a full-out effort on the industrial front and it might be a good idea to give people some encouragement. In fact, I see no harm in reducing the rate of income tax by a bob or two."

Therefore I knew that Macmillan was deeply serious in his speech at the banquet when he said that he was in complete agreement with the necessity of maintaining a strong NATO force, but that it was just as well to remember that the armed forces in the field needed a strong economic base at home.

Actually, his pronouncement was a British declaration of independence couched in conversational terms and tone. What he meant was that as Her Majesty's principal minister of state he was not going to strain the British economy to breaking point in order to contain the Russian military threat behind its borders.

I am not sure that the straight-thinking American general got the full impact of the airy aside, but to those of us who know "Mack the Knife" it was a straightforward declaration that he will not destroy the British economy at the behest of the military mind.

So the dinner ended with nothing but

good feeling and everyone agreeing that it was all very enjoyable and encouraging. Only a few of the guests—the diplomats and the politicians—realized that Macmillan had sounded the warning note.

Bermuda is a pleasant place where the skies are blue and the sunlight sparkles upon the waves. But there will be a tough duel when Mack and Ike get down to business.

One more item and we shall leave the medal-spangled dinner. Lord Attlee asked permission of the gathering to send a message of friendship and good wishes to Sir Anthony Eden in far-off New Zealand. The suggestion was greeted with a mighty and sustained roar of approval.

Eden's political life is over except for the dim possibility that he might accept a peerage and enter the twilight of the House of Lords. Yet now that he is gone his stature grows. Look at his achievements as the Peddler of Dreams in the anxious years between the two world wars, his unsullied integrity in private and public life, his service as a soldier in World War I and a minister in the second, his courage when he intervened in Egypt and faced the howling fury of his political opponents, his decision to resign when he knew that he was physically unfit to carry the burden of supreme office.

The dinner was an all-star affair but it was the absent Eden who was given the ovation.

Now let us try to gaze into the future. The wealth and strength of Great Britain was sapped by two world wars. Obviously, Macmillan, from his declaration of independence, is determined that what is left of Britain's strength shall not be sapped by excessive preparations for a war that may never take place.

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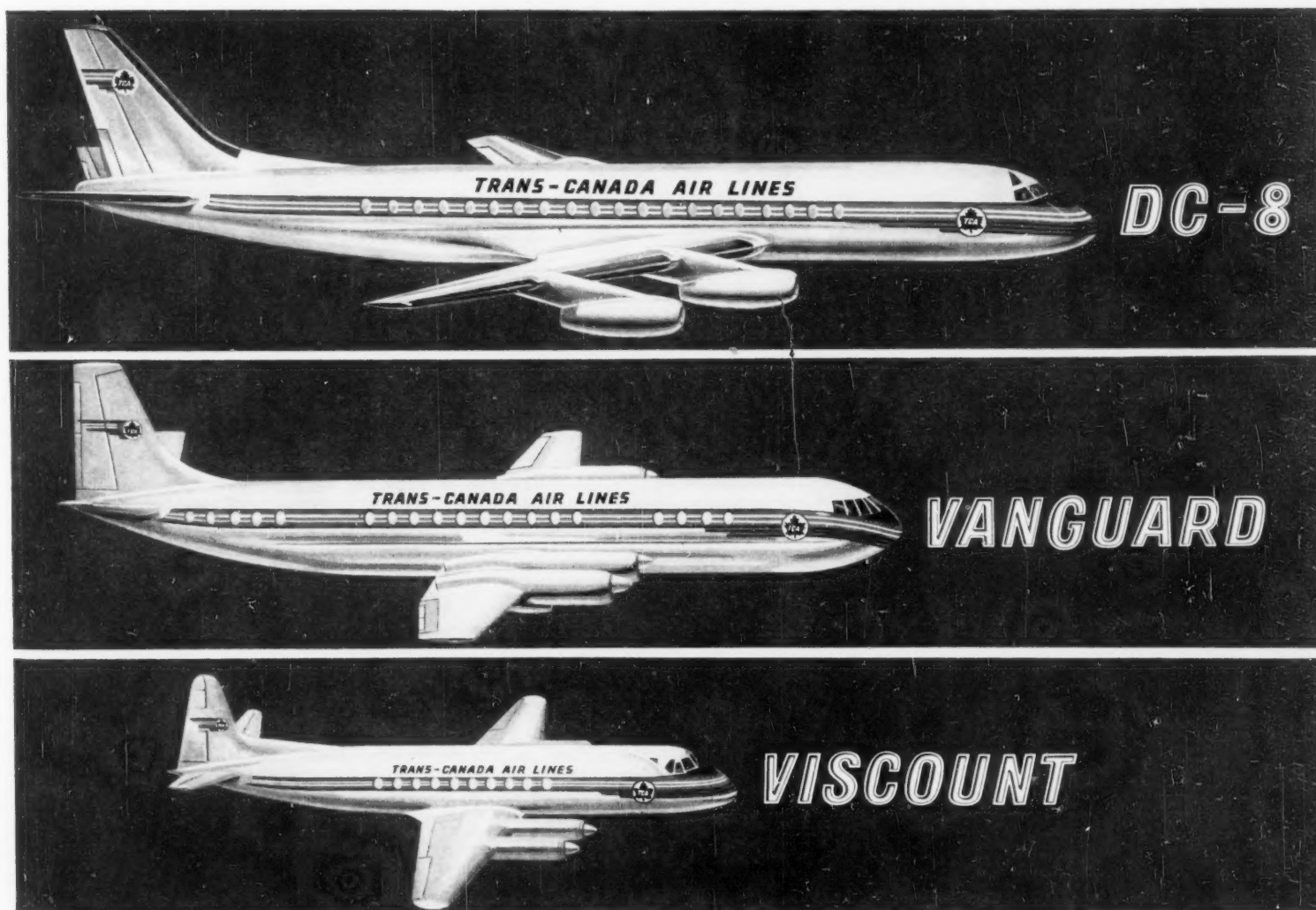
The next few years will mark a revolutionary advance in air transportation. Present piston-engined types will be replaced by propeller-turbine and jet airliners. TCA, in the front rank of world airlines, will become the first inter-continental airline in the world to operate an all-turbine fleet.

The remodelling of the TCA fleet has already begun. In 1955, TCA introduced the now famous Viscount, and became the first airline in North America to fly turbo-prop aircraft.

An order has been placed for 20 Vickers Vanguard airliners, powered by Rolls-Royce Tyne turbo-prop engines. Seating up to 102 passengers and flying at 420 miles per hour, the Vanguard will serve TCA's high-density inter-city and Southern routes. The Viscount, likely to be the best short-range aircraft for many years, will continue to serve short-range routes.

Giant Douglas DC-8 jetliners will round out TCA's re-equipment programme. Cruising at 550 miles per hour, carrying up to 120 passengers, they will cut flying times on trans-Continental and trans-Atlantic services by almost half.

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Macmillan is taking a nationalistic rather than a world view. Undoubtedly President Eisenhower and his henchman Mr. Dulles will be deeply worried and perhaps annoyed by Macmillan's attitude that Britain should prefer solvency to security.

Quite frankly, the view held in London is that the only danger of a third world war would come from a counterrevolution within the Russian borders. If such an uprising happened the men in the Kremlin would almost certainly call up the armed forces and attack West Germany on a contrived excuse. The frightened animal is always dangerous.

Therefore Macmillan's foreign policy will be directed to lowering the temperature of East-West relations. The long-sustained defiance of Poland, the revolution in Hungary, the sturdy nationalism of Yugoslavia, the determination of Germany to reunite, and the unrest in Russia itself all combine to make it impossible for Russia to make war against the West except as an act of suicide.

Macmillan refuses to accept the view of the professional soldiers that Britain should have a siege economy with a crushing expenditure on armaments. Instead, he believes that the creation of a West European economic and military

alliance — with America in the background — would make a war by the Soviet bloc not only unlikely, but impossible.

There will be alarms and excursions as well as noises off. The West Germans talk of nothing else but the reunification of their country—and certainly neither Russia nor the Western allies can keep a nation dismembered forever. But we should not head to war.

Therefore I do not doubt that Macmillan will urge Eisenhower to convince Russia that she is in no danger of an attack from the West and that she should agree to the reuniting of West and East Germany.

It will be the duty of Gen. Norstad to think only in military terms and to do everything within his power to see that the striking power of the West is maintained to the highest pitch of efficiency. But also he should heed the warning note of Prime Minister Macmillan that Britain does not intend to bankrupt herself by an expenditure on armaments that is beyond her capacity.

Usually at public banquets there is nothing but politeness and pleasantries but this affair was different. The guest of honor was a soldier but it was the politician who stole the show. ★



Blair Fraser reports from Moscow

Continued from page 13

"Some of the Soviet leaders' most spectacular utterances result from alcoholic exuberance"

very top. In my first three days in Moscow I was invited to two huge official receptions, one at the Czech embassy and one in the great white-domed reception hall of the Kremlin itself. Khrushchev, Bulganin and their whole entourage were there, and I was able to watch the extraordinary routine that they go through with foreign correspondents.

Tables loaded with food and wines are arranged in a kind of horseshoe near one end of the reception hall. Inside and below this horseshoe are herded the correspondents and other hoi polloi, minor officials and the like. As they munch and sip they may goggle across the table at Khrushchev, Bulganin, their cabinet colleagues and honored guests, and sometimes—but not always—the diplomatic corps. (Other times the diplomats herd with the commonalty.) Security police, who don't bother at all to be unobtrusive, see to it that the sheep and goats remain separated until the sheep (if that is the right word for the Kremlin's high command) decide otherwise.

But at a given moment, usually after an hour of eating, drinking and speech-making, the great ones may come out from behind the table and mingle with the crowd. Instantly, each becomes the centre of a tight little circle of reporters. There is no nonsense about this being a social occasion—it is understood on both sides that it's an interview at which reporters take notes and photographers take pictures. But the atmosphere is informal, and the Soviet chieftains use this opportunity to deliver from time to time their famous "off-the-cuff" remarks.

To gauge how seriously these remarks should be taken, you must know whether or not the speaker was sober. Khrush-

chev's fondness for the bottle is notorious, but Marshal Bulganin, for all his courtly appearance, is a heavy drinker too. At a recent dinner for a visiting prime minister he got so drunk he had to be assisted to his car at the end of the evening. Probably some of their more spectacular utterances may be put down to alcoholic exuberance. But, drunk or sober, they give the foreign correspondents rare flashes of fun, and occasional human interest to leaven the rather bleak, dry staple of news from the Soviet capital.

Intourist has nothing to do with these contacts, one way or the other. All Intourist tries to do is keep the traveler away from casual, unscheduled, unheard-of chats with the ordinary citizen of the Soviet Union.

Not that there is anything so crude as open surveillance. Intourist just arranges everything for you, that's all. Before you can get a visa to the Soviet Union in the first place you must present what they call your "travel documents"—a book of Intourist coupons covering all the major expenses of your stay. For thirty dollars a day (the top price, but they won't sell anything cheaper to a person traveling alone) you get a large room in one of the best hotels, all your meals, twenty-five roubles a day for pocket money, and the use of a car, driver and interpreter-guide.

Should you prefer to elude Intourist, hire your own taxi and your own interpreter if you can find one, eat at restaurants of your own choice with Russian diners-out, you may do so, but your expenses would probably run to a hundred dollars a day. Money can be exchanged here only at the official rate:

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four roubles to the dollar. At this rate of exchange you pay five dollars for a small laundry, very poorly done, and \$3.50 to have a suit pressed. Postcards are thirty-seven cents each. In practice, therefore, the visitor has no choice. He must take the meals, the car, the interpreter that Intourist provides among its prepaid services.

Intourist will arrange many interesting, valuable trips. Any museum, public park, ancient church or other such place of interest can be seen at a moment's notice. Intourist will get you seats at the Bolshoi Theatre, seats for which the average Russian must queue for hours and pay a day's wage apiece, and there you can see the finest ballet in the world. Absolutely superb—even Sadler's Wells cannot touch it.

I was taken also to such modern showpieces as the new Moscow University, finished in 1953 after only four years' construction. Like all public buildings of the late Stalin period it is an architectural horror, a thirty-three-story skyscraper festooned with spires and steeples and gingerbread, but inside it is a fine, bright, well-appointed building. Here natural science is taught to about two thirds of Moscow's twenty-four thousand university students. Here, too, about half of the out-of-town science students live in excellent dormitories. Each has a small bright room to himself, shares a bath and toilet with his next-door neighbor. (The rest are still in old-style dormitories of the barracks type which I asked to see, but have not seen yet.)

Intourist also took me through a factory where forty thousand workers make a hundred thousand trucks, four hundred and fifty thousand bicycles and eighty thousand refrigerators a year. The trucks are close copies of American World War II models, presumably lend-lease, but they look durable enough. Much more hand labor is used than in a North American plant, so the assembly line moves more slowly; otherwise the operation looks modern and efficient.

As a special favor to a visiting journalist, Intourist set up a number of useful interviews too: talks with Soviet journalists, with university professors, with the nice, helpful, earnest ladies who work for VOKS, the Society for Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries.

What it won't do is put you in touch with a Soviet family, help you see inside a Soviet home, give you any notion how ordinary Russians live. Intourist has orders (one of its workers finally admitted to me) to show the visitor a certain range of objects and nothing else.

The other day, when some arrangement had fallen through, I proposed going down anyway and trying to see my man without an appointment. Intourist made objections; I insisted. Finally

the manager told me, reluctantly but firmly, that I was not allowed to do this.

"You are our guest," he said, "and you cannot just go wherever you like."

Of course I could, and in some cases did, make my own appointments with no Intourist aid. What I could not do was go without an appointment at all. I would not have got past the door.

Offices here are government buildings, and government buildings have police guards to repel unauthorized callers. At Tass, the Soviet news agency, everyone,

employee or not, who goes in or out must show the constable a pass with his picture on it. (This is a special document in addition to the ordinary internal passport, also with photo, which every Soviet citizen must carry at all times.) At the Ministry of Foreign Affairs the door is guarded not by a mere policeman but by four commissioned officers of the security troops, the MVD's private army.

I still don't know what is the object of all this secrecy and caution. If it is designed to blind the visitor to the har-

sher aspects of Soviet life it is a failure. Nothing can hide the fact that life in the Soviet Union is very hard indeed.

Nowhere, even in Arab countries, have I seen such heavy work done by women as in the Soviet Union. In the foundries women swing heavy mallets. Along assembly lines women push great trucks full of parts, trucks that at home would be motor-driven. The clean streets of Moscow are kept so by gangs of women sweeping, chopping and shoveling all day. On construction jobs, which go on throughout the winter here, the cement



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They must work because the average man's earnings will not support a family. Wages here are low.

An ordinary office worker gets eight hundred roubles a month, which is exactly the price of the cheapest ready-made suit in a city department store. A factory worker, semi-skilled, would earn about the same. College graduates might start at a thousand.

These are the better-paid people. The legal minimum in Soviet industry is three hundred roubles a month. When it was raised from two hundred and twenty, last January 1, the increase cost the Soviet wage fund eight billion roubles and affected about six or seven million wage earners.

No one can live very lavishly on that money. There is no evidence of real hunger in the Soviet Union—not in the big cities, anyway—but there is plenty of evidence of poor nutrition. The doughy complexions, the pale flabby cheeks tell their own story: too much starch, not enough protein.

You need only look in at a food shop to see why. Meat is about twenty-five roubles a kilogram, almost a day's pay for an office or factory worker, two days' for the lowest-paid laborer. Evidently it cannot be a daily item in the average family diet.

However, the shops do have plenty of food. The long queues that you see at the counters appear to be caused by Soviet bookkeeping methods rather than by any actual shortage. (It takes ages to buy anything.) Also, even though the clothing is expensive and shoddy in appearance, everybody seems to be warmly clad, nobody is in rags. I haven't heard of any serious complaints by Soviet citizens about either food or clothing.

Housing is another matter.

Soviet housing is a disgrace, and the authorities know it and are ashamed of it. The first thing I requested when I came to the Soviet Union was a visit to a housing project with someone who knew the facts and figures. Ever since, it has been promised vaguely for "tomorrow or the next day." Today, my

second-last in the Soviet Union, I finally got to see a half-built apartment house, but I was not at all surprised to find that the housing expert who was supposed to come with us couldn't come.

The new apartments look fine; nothing fancy, but good bright flats of one, two and three rooms, the larger ones with their own kitchens and bathrooms. What I could not find out is how many such flats are available to Moscow citizens, and who gets them.

To see the more typical Moscow dwelling, all you have to do is take a five-minute bus ride in any direction from Red Square. Then, walking along the sidewalk, you can see, through their open, faintly steaming windows, one-room basement apartments with two, three, sometimes even four beds in them. Some may have running water, others have a pump out in the yard or a community tap in the street nearby.

By a stroke of luck I was invited into one such dwelling. I didn't realize at the time how lucky I was; I have since learned that a foreigner can live here several years and never see the inside of a Soviet home. The authorities discourage it, and I can see why.

This was a room maybe twenty feet long and ten feet wide. In it live five people of three generations, grandmother, parents and a young sister, and a four-year-old boy. A gas stove out in the corridor is shared with the family next door. The room itself has a wash basin. A line of child's laundry hung diagonally across it at the time I was there.

This particular family is unusually fortunate in that one corner is partitioned off into a small cubicle, big enough to hold a double bed. The little room has neither window nor door, and its wall is just one thickness of board, but it is at least a kind of gesture in the direction of privacy.

The apartment I saw was one of about forty one-room flats in a five-story building, a solidly constructed block that dates back to czarist days. It looks as if it has had no maintenance since. Paint is peeling off the walls of corridors and stair-wells, bricks have fallen out here and there. The stairs are lighted, but not the corridors. For the ninety-odd people who live in the block there are two toilets, both in appalling condition. The building does not contain a bath or shower of any description.

By Soviet standards these are not slums. My host, whose name I do not know, is a white-collar worker apparently of good education. The people going in

and out of such dwellings are relatively well dressed. I watched one little boy walk home from a food shop—a bright, clean youngster in well-pressed grey flannels and neat warm coat who disappeared through the front door of as dismal a looking house as I have seen in downtown Moscow. (The log shanties on the outskirts of town are something else again.)

I don't want to exaggerate. These are not the worst slums in the world. I have seen worse in Karachi, among the refugees of Pakistan, and in the squatter settlements of Hong Kong.

But Moscow is a modern city and the Soviet Union boasts of being, and is, the second industrial power in the world. Most of the best buildings were put up before 1917, but some are new. Even the famous Moscow subway, with its splendid marble chambers which seem almost a heartless extravagance to one who has just been looking at Moscow homes, nevertheless shows what the Soviet Union can do in the building trade.

Housing is as bad as it is, not because the Soviet Union cannot build better, but because housing has had a low priority in Soviet planning.

Western observers suspect that the Soviet people realize this. They think perhaps the mistake that is now openly admitted in Hungary and in Poland, the mistake of trying to build heavy industry without enough concern for human welfare, has also been made in the Soviet Union itself.

So maybe the attempt by Intourist to keep the visitor and the people apart has really an inward rather than an outward purpose. Maybe the idea is not to keep the foreigner from talking to the Russians, but to keep the Russians from talking to the foreigner.

The Oliver Twists want more

They seem to want to talk to foreigners, when they are let alone. Here in Moscow, of course, foreign tourists are relatively commonplace and attract no notice, but even in Kiev, itself a capital city and a tourist town, you find a difference. People are interested in the mere presence of an outlander, and try to make contact with him. Visitors who are lucky enough to have traveled in the Soviet interior say that the difference is more marked, the farther away you get from the beaten track.

I have been told by others, and my own small experience confirms, that the questions put by Russians often follow the same pattern. First they ask how things are done in Canada or the U.S. in their own trade, whatever it may be. Then they ask about houses: what kind of dwellings do we live in? How many square metres per person? (All housing statistics here are in square metres. The idea of a dwelling unit, a self-contained home for each family or a room for each person, is not yet even a dream in the Soviet Union.)

During most of my stay here the Supreme Soviet, the parliamentary body which is nominally sovereign in this dictatorship, has been in session over at the Kremlin. The speeches tend to resemble each other. They contain lots of praise for the Powers That Be and a certain amount of self-praise, then a certain amount of criticism, not too severe, and finally a plea for more help from the central authority for the speaker's own region. The criticisms and the appeals for help are mostly alike—complaints about bureaucratic delays and obstruction, requests for higher living standards and some of the amenities of life.

Apparently two hundred million Oliver Twists have suddenly begun asking

for more, and, God bless them, I hope they get it. These are friendly people. (Astoundingly friendly when you consider what they are told every day about the Anglo-American Fascist-imperialist wolfpack, but that subject deserves a separate article.) They positively exude warmth. With the sole exception of the security police at the Kremlin, as ugly a set of men as I ever laid eyes on, I haven't met a single Russian who wasn't likeable, cordial, helpful, a kind of personal host on his country's behalf. I don't think anyone could visit the Soviet

Union without developing a feeling of affection, admiration and pity for these strong, good-natured folk.

But we of the West have more reasons than mere altruism for hoping that the Russians will begin, at last, to get a decent living from their Soviet state.

This is a powerful, competent nation well able to do anything it really wants to do, anything it thinks important. If the rulers in the Kremlin decide it is good policy to do so, they could give their people a better life in a very short time.

But they can't do everything at once. They would have to divert some of the energy that now goes into international Communist empire-building. Despite the cruel setback in Hungary, despite the new freeze-up that succeeded last year's "thaw" in the Soviet Union itself, it is still possible that they may do so. It is even conceivable that they might do what they say they want to do: launch upon a great world-wide competition with the West in the advancement of human welfare, a race in which nobody could lose. ★

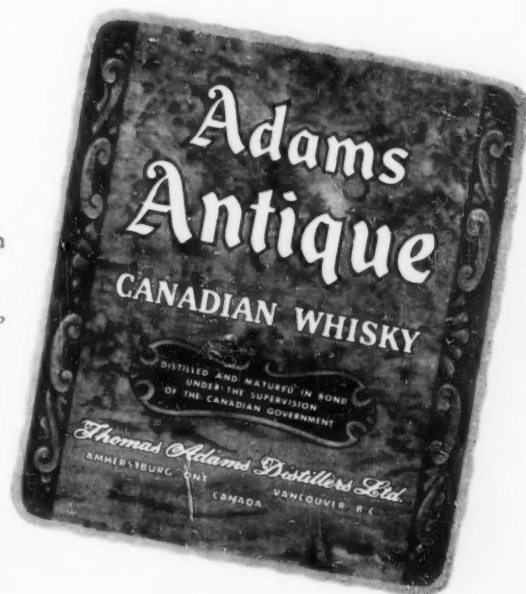


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Mailbag

Cheer up! Our crisis could clear up

What a tale of woe your Crisis issue (Feb. 16) tells! . . . (1) Is our case in the East hopeless? (2) The Commonwealth is crumbling and (3) The Western Alliance has vanished.

Perhaps it may help to recall some prophecies of doom that never materialized.

William Pitt, British prime minister in 1783: "There is scarcely anything around us but ruin and despair."

Benjamin Disraeli in 1849: "In industry, commerce and agriculture, there is no hope."

The Duke of Wellington in 1851: "I thank God I will be spared from seeing the consummation of ruin that is gathering round."

So cheer up!—ROBERT WOOD, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

• Re your Crisis issue:
Beverly Baxter—readable and interesting.

Hugh MacLennan—rhetorical and negative.

Blair Fraser—instructive and sincere.

Lionel Shapiro—enlightening with interesting sidelights.

Lister Sinclair—constructive, positive and realistic.—JOHN HAIG, BELLEVILLE, ONT.

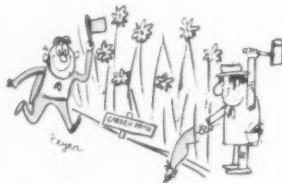
• Lister Sinclair is off the track when he says the word commonwealth was not heard of until 1883. What about the one St. Paul talks about in Ephesians 2, verse 12?—B. MARTIN, BRANTFORD, ONT.

• Sinclair held me spellbound. Such a display of logic and statesmanship! —M. R. YOUNG, VANCOUVER.

• Your Crisis issue is your best yet. Dr. George S. Count's article, The Challenge of Soviet Education, should be worth its weight in gold if it awakens our educationalists. —G. E. ARCHIBALD, HALIFAX.

Where do the lies lie?

I was delighted with Mavor Moore's article, Little Lies Have Become Big Business (Feb. 2). He has cleverly and



sincerely explored a growing canker in our civilization, the insidious part of which is that so few of us realize we are gently but firmly being led up the garden path.—PHILIP E. TYAS, TORONTO.

• Hearing, seeing and reading, I am convinced that some advertisements consist mainly of small lies, big lies and just plain damn lies.—TOM SINTON, EDMONTON, ALTA.

Our left-handed violinist

How come the Hungarian chap (Feb. 16) is playing the violin with his left arm bowing. Did someone turn the film upside down? —D. S. WICKWIRE, YARMOUTH, N.S.

• Well, how gauche can Maclean's get? First we had left-handed French-Canadian gourmets. Now it's a left-handed violinist.—NANCY TRAFALGAR, TORONTO.



The violinist in our picture is John Czinko, a house painter who plays in Hungarian churches and clubs in Montreal and who bows with his left arm.

The new life for Hungarians

Twenty-five pages of blather on Hungarian culture (Feb. 16) bores me into saying, "So what!" We are not interested in the trappings of an effete aristocracy.

They may be driven to distraction by red tape and poor housing; Canadians have the same problems but refrain from their emotional sprees . . . Millions of victims under the Red yoke love freedom as ardently as do they; yet they hesitate to ignite the spark that would destroy civilization. —MRS. ELIZABETH HEWITT, CLOVERDALE, B.C.

How laymen look at vision

I congratulate you on the enlightening article, What You See and How You See. Janice Tyrwhitt explains in layman's language a complicated process. It is so easy to confuse the eyes as an organ of the body and vision as a mental process that we find considerable confusion.—H. W. MOORE RO, WINNIPEG.

Where cancer can strike

In a cancer-research panel held under your auspices a Dr. Kaplan made a statement that the only people to get breast cancer were women. I'm a male and on Aug. 15, 1956, was successfully operated on for the removal of a breast cancer. The surgeon was Dr. Callum, the surgeon superintendent of the Epsom County Hospital, Epsom, Surrey, England.—J. A. SEAGER, EPSOM, SURREY, ENGLAND. ★



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THE WORLD OVER

IN THE editors' confidence

How Crowther got the Mayer story

Bosley Crowther, who, as New York Times movie critic, sees as many motion pictures as any man, tells us that over the past five years he's been seeing even more. In his history of Loew's, Inc. and its Hollywood offspring, M-G-M (see pages 20 to 23), he mentions literally hundreds of old movies, starting with the experimental films made by Thomas Edison in the early 1890s. Crowther, a meticulous researcher, has done his best to look at most of them.

"I can tell you my eyes often misted up digging through some of the old material and talking to the great ones of other days," he says.

Since he started on his project in 1952, Crowther has made three visits to Hollywood and talked to most of the greats and former greats of the industry. "Norma Shearer was an incalculable help, telling me much about herself and Irving Thalberg and making available letters and papers of his that she had never revealed before. Anita Stewart, Marshall Neilan, Carey Wilson, Ramon Novarro and many old-timers assisted me. And I had many extraordinary and revealing talks with Louis B. Mayer." Crowther adds that he spent a wonderful afternoon with the great Theda Bara and her husband, Charles Brabin, shortly before he died.

Crowther finished his manuscript last summer and it is scheduled to appear later in the year in book form under the Dutton imprint. But "so many exciting and indeed significantly climactic things have been happening to the company since then that I have had to revise my last chapter."

Crowther is referring, of course, to the emergence of Joseph Tomlinson as the key figure on the board of Loew's, Inc. Tomlinson, who controls a quarter million shares of the company was making preparations last December for a proxy battle within the directorate—and there were even rumors that Louis B. Mayer would be brought back to run the Hollywood studio. The proxy fight didn't develop and Mayer stayed out, but the board has been reshuffled to include Tomlinson and some of his nominees.

Raised in northern Ontario, a graduate of the University of Manitoba, first a trader on the Winnipeg Grain Exchange and later a construction man in Ontario, Tomlinson does everything in a big way. His trucking business, for instance, a sort of sideline, is one of the biggest in Canada. And he's got seven children, from the ages of two to nineteen. Like Louis Mayer before him (who in 1939 was granted an honorary degree in his native New Brunswick) Tomlinson still maintains his ties with Canada through his various firms, chief of which is Tomlinson Brothers, Toronto, the highway-construction firm of which he is president and general manager. ★



BOSLEY CROWTHER, movie critic, spends most of his time under the lights.



LOUIS B. MAYER had no formal education but UNB gave him honorary L.L.D.



JOE TOMLINSON, of Winnipeg and Toronto, is now a key figure in M-G-M.



Paul Chevrier mixes a "Beachcomber"

Here's how Paul makes his specialty:

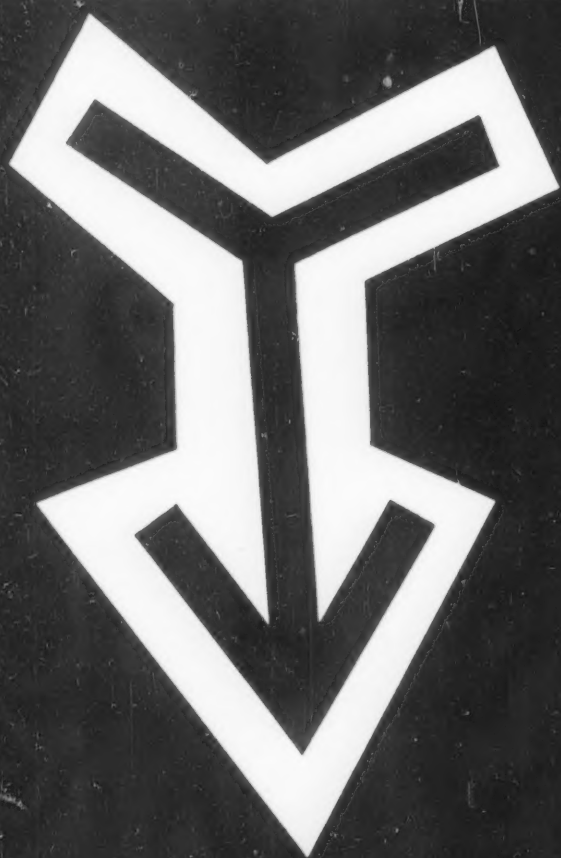
1 oz. pineapple juice, 1/4 oz. dark rum, small drop of egg white, dash of Grenadine. Shake well. Serve in 8 oz. goblet. Fill with Canada Dry Sparkling Water.

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Parade

How to stop the fidgets in church

The problem of fidgety youngsters in church has been solved by a minister's wife in Broadview, Sask., who naturally takes special pains to assure that her own toddler doesn't interrupt daddy's sermon. She fills a small cardboard box with puffed wheat, seals it and then pokes a tiny hole in one corner, just large enough to let one grain come through at a time. As the sermon starts, mother produces the box from her purse. The fascinated youngster takes the box in one hand, lets a puffed wheat dribble out into the other, eats it, shakes out an-



other, and so on until the benediction. The tot can't eat enough of the puffs to spoil her Sunday dinner, and even if she spills a few the tiny kernels make little muss.

* * *

A fellow in Victoria who confesses television has always baffled him—pictures through the air, indeed!—says he has now found out it has something to do with sea gulls. When he stopped on the street to chat with a neighbor the other day, the neighbor waved upward and said, "Look what happened to my TV antenna when three big sea gulls started a fight over who should sit on it." The spokes were bent every which way and our informant expressed his sympathy. "Best thing that ever happened," declared his neighbor. "Never could get channel four properly. Now it comes in fine."

* * *

A middle-grader in a London, Ont., public school, broke into tears just before leaving home the other morning. Due to make her first speech in class, she sobbed out that she was scared stiff, she couldn't remember what she was supposed to say and it was no good anyway. Mother did her best to convince her that the main thing was to make a good try at it, and eventually sent her on her way at least a little bucked up. By noon mother was in a tizzy herself, waiting to hear the results. When her daughter finally raced into the house and burst into fresh sobbing, mother exclaimed helplessly, "Surely it couldn't have been all that bad, dear." Finally controlling her tears the youngster declared, "Mother, that's not it at all. Now I'm on the debating team."

Near Carlea, Sask., Farmer Jones was getting pretty sick of the daily visits by Farmer Brown's dog—a nice enough pup but always begging to get into the house, or out of the house, or for something to eat. One day when the dog yelped and barked its plea to be allowed into the truck as Jones prepared to drive to town, a wicked thought occurred to the bothered farmer and he took the dog along. Well, that dog took some losing, but Jones finally managed it by ducking in the front door of a hardware store and out the back. Then he made his last call, purchasing a mattress, which he threw on the back of the truck, and headed hastily for home before the dog could pick up his trail. He was bouncing along, halfway home, before he looked back and discovered the mattress had tumbled off on the bumpy road. Muttering furiously he turned around and drove nearly to town again before he spied the mattress lying in the ditch, and resting comfortably on it the panting dog, waiting patiently for him to come back for both of them.

* * *

Disaster struck suburbia one night in Milton, Ont., when a young man who was newly wed and even newer at the build-it-yourself game set out to construct a set of shelves. He marched nonchalantly into the house with a long plank and knocked over a table lamp—a



wedding present, of course. Startled by the crash he backed up and there was a second crash as the opposite end of the board went through a window. Furious he hurled the plank, like a mighty javelin, through the window. Out of the winter darkness came a third crash as the plank slithered across the icy driveway and through his neighbor's cellar window.

* * *

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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, MARCH 30, 1957

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